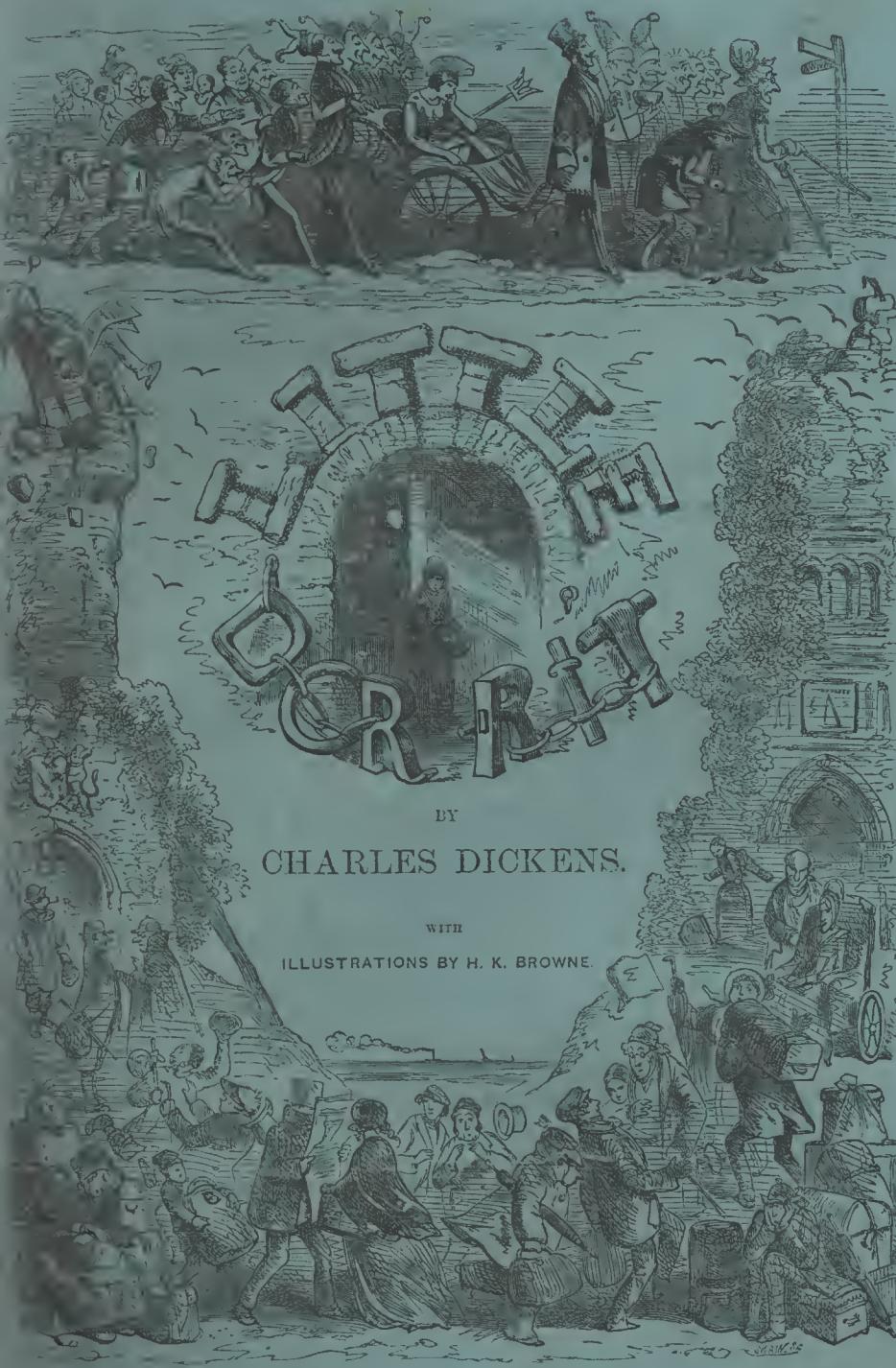


No. XIV.

JANUARY.

PRICE 1s.



BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, BOUVERIE STREET.

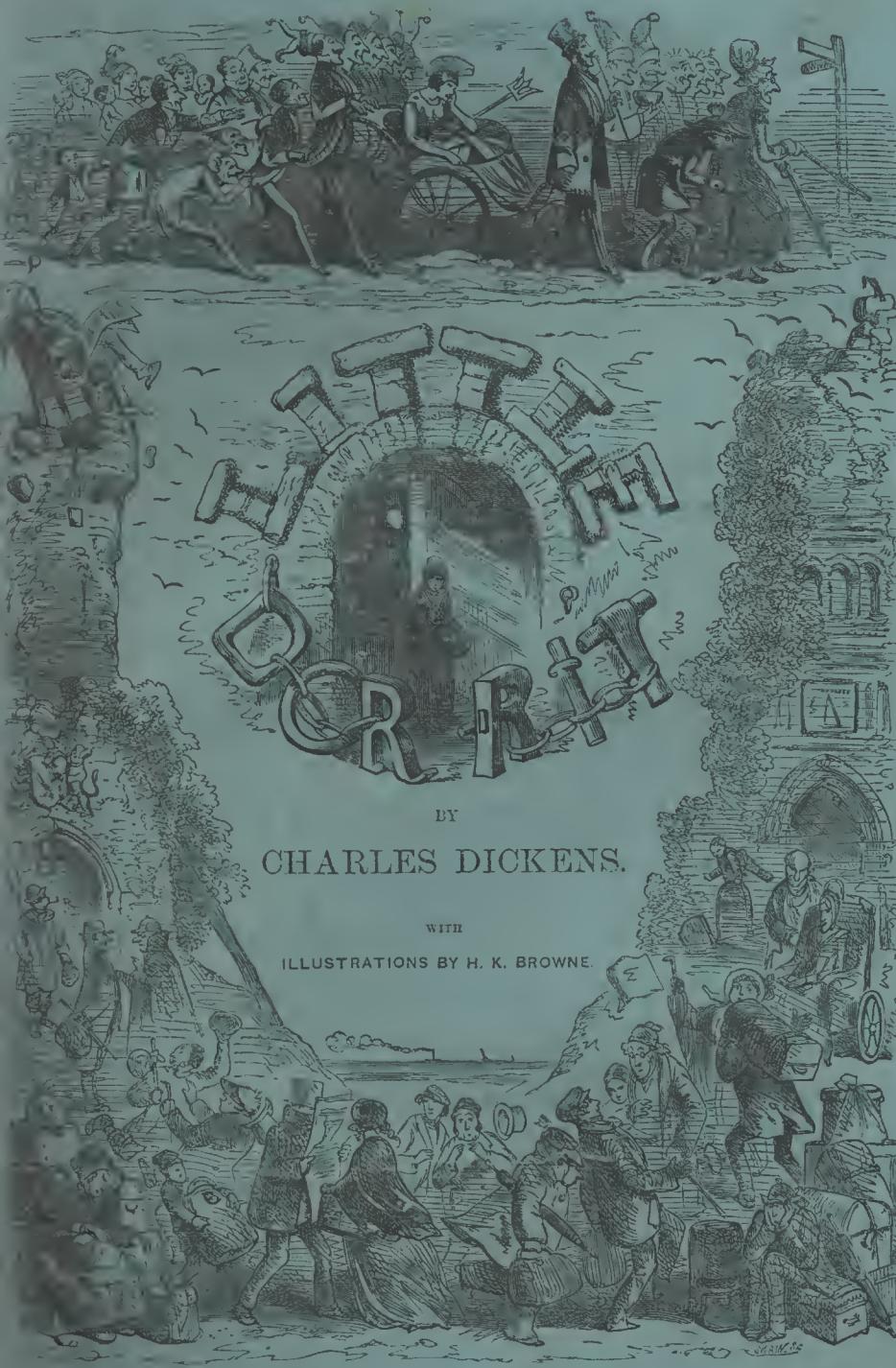
AGENTS: J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; MURRAY AND SON, GLASGOW; J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.

 The Author reserves the right of Translation.

No. XIV.

JANUARY.

PRICE 1s.



BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, BOUVERIE STREET.

AGENTS: J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; MURRAY AND SON, GLASGOW; J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.

 The Author reserves the right of Translation.

LITTLE DORRIT ADVERTISER.

NO MORE PILLS NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE,

FOR CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION (DYSPEPSIA), NERVOUS, BILIOUS, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, & DEBILITY.

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS
REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD

for infants and invalids generally, as it never turns acid on the weakest stomach, nor interferes with a good liberal diet, but imparts a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the enfeebled. Supported by testimonials from the celebrated Professors of Chemistry, Dr. Andrew Ure, Dr. Shorland, Dr. Harvey, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Gattiker, Dr. Wurzer, Dr. Ingram; Lord Stuart de Decies, the Dowager Countess of Castlestuart, Major-Gen. Thomas King, and many other respectable persons, whose health had been restored by it after all other means of cure had failed.

IMPORTANT CAUTION against the fearful dangers of spurious imitations:

The Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Page Wood, granted an injunction on the 10th March, 1854, against Alfred Hooper Nevill, for imitating "Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food."

BARRY DU BARRY & CO., 77, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

A few out of 50,000 cures are here given:—

Cure No. 71, of dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the LORD STUART DE DECIES.—"I have derived considerable benefit from Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, and consider it due to yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines,

STUART DE DECIES."

Cure 52,612.—Rosstrevor, County of Down, Ireland, 9 December, 1854.

"The DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CASTLESTUART feels induced, in the interest of suffering humanity, to state that Du Barry's excellent Revalenta Arabica Food has cured her, after all Medicines had failed, of Indigestion, bile, great nervousness and irritability of many years' standing. This Food deserves the confidence of all sufferers, and may be considered a real blessing. Enquiries will be cheerfully answered."

Cure 41,617. "Winchester, Dec. 3, 1847.

"Gentlemen.—I am happy to be able to inform you that the person for whom your Revalenta was procured has derived very great benefit from its use; distressing symptoms of dropsy, dyspepsia, and constipation of long standing have been removed, and a feeling of restored health induced. Having witnessed the beneficial effects in the above-mentioned case, I can with confidence recommend it, and shall have much pleasure in doing so whenever an opportunity offers, &c. &c.

JAMES SHORLAND, late Surgeon 96th Regiment."

Cure No. 49,832.—"Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent food.

MARIA JOLLY, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk."

Cure No. 47,121.—Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Walthamcross, Herts; a cure of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies.

Suitably packed for all climates, and with full instructions. In canisters, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 2 lb., 4s. 6d.; 5 lb., 11s.; 12 lb., 22s.; Super-refined quality, 1 lb., 6s.; 2 lb., 11s.; 5 lb., 22s.; 10 lb., 33s. The 10 lb. and 12 lb. canisters are forwarded carriage free on receipt of post-office order. BARRY DU BARRY & CO., 77, Regent-street, London; FORTNUM, MASON, & CO., Purveyors to Her Majesty, 182, Piccadilly; also at 60, Gracechurch-street, 330, Strand, 63 and 150, Oxford-street.

SAVES fifty times its cost in other medicine, and cures the above complaints and their consequences, such as:—Flatulency, distension, acidity, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, nervous headaches, hysteria, neuralgia, deafness, noise in the head and ears, pains at the pit of the stomach and between the shoulders, erysipelas, eruptions of the skin, impurities and poverty of the blood, scrofula, cough, asthma, consumption, dropsy, rheumatism, gout, nausea and sickness during pregnancy, after eating, or at sea, low spirits, spasms, epileptic fits, spleen, general debility, inquietude, sleeplessness, involuntary blushing, paralysis, tremors, dislike to society, unfitness for study, loss of memory, delusions, vertigo, blood to the head, exhaustion, melancholy, groundless fear, indecision, wretchedness. It is, moreover, the best food for infants and invalids generally, as it never turns acid on the weakest stomach, nor interferes with a good liberal diet, but imparts a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the enfeebled. Supported by testimonials from the celebrated Professors of Chemistry, Dr. Andrew Ure, Dr. Shorland, Dr. Harvey, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Gattiker, Dr. Wurzer, Dr. Ingram; Lord Stuart de Decies, the Dowager Countess of Castlestuart, Major-Gen. Thomas King, and many other respectable persons, whose health had been restored by it after all other means of cure had failed.

IMPORTANT CAUTION against the fearful dangers of spurious imitations:

The Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Page Wood, granted an injunction on the 10th March, 1854, against Alfred Hooper Nevill, for imitating "Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food."

Cure 52,422. "Bridgehouse, Frimley, April 3, 1854.

"Thirty-three years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, deafness, singing in the ears, constipation, debility, shortness of breath, and cough, have been removed by your Revalenta Arabica. My lungs, liver, stomach, head, and ears, are all right, my hearing perfect, and my recovery is a marvel to all my acquaintances.

JAMES ROBERTS, Wood Merchant."

Cure No. 180.—"Twenty-five years' nervousness, constipation, indigestion, and debility, from which I have suffered great misery, and which no medicine could remove or relieve, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's Food in a short time.

W. R. REEVES, 181, Fleet-street, London."

No. 42,130.—Major-General King, cure of general debility and nervousness.

No. 32,814.—Captain Allen, recording the cure of a lady from epileptic fits.

No. 24,814.—The Rev. Thomas Minster, cure of five years' nervousness, with spasms and daily vomiting.

No. 37,403.—Samuel Laxton, Esq., a cure of two years' diarrhoea.

Mr. William Martin, a cure of eight years' daily vomiting.

Richard Willoughby, Esq., a cure of many years' biliousness.

From the Venerable ARCHDEACON OF ROSS.

No. 32,836.—"Three years' excessive nervousness, with pains in my neck and left arm, and general debility, which rendered my life very miserable, has been radically removed by Du Barry's health-restoring Food.

ALEX. STUART, Archdeacon of Ross, Skibbereen."

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD AND SONS' LIST

[OF

BOOKS SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

An Illustrated Edition of *The Course of Time*: A POEM. By ROBERT POLLOK, A.M. The Designs by BIRKET FOSTER, JOHN TENNIEL, and J. R. CLAYTON. Engraved by EDMUND EVANS, DALZIEL BROTHERS, H. N. WOODS and GREEN. In square 8vo, elegantly bound in gilt cloth, 21s. In calf antique, 28s. 6d. In morocco, 32s. In morocco, by HAYRAY, 35s.

The Course of Time. 21st Edition.
In small 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Bothwell: a Poem. By W. E. AYTOUN, D.C.L. Second Edition, 8vo, 12s.

Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and OTHER POEMS. By W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D.C.L. Fcap., 7s. 6d.

Jessie Cameron: a Highland Story. By the LADY RACHEL BUTLER. In small 8vo.
[In a few days.

Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads. Square 12mo, cloth, gilt edges, 8s. 6d.

The Works of Mrs. Hemans. Complete in One Volume, large 8vo, 21s. Another Edition in Six Volumes, small 8vo, 24s.

The History of Europe, from the COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1789, TO THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. LIBRARY EDITION, 14 Vols. 8vo, with Portraits, £10 10s. Another Edition, 20 Vols. crown 8vo, £6. *PEOPLE'S EDITION*, 12 Vols. crown 8vo, double columns, £2 8s.; Index Volume to ditto, 3s.

Atlas of Plans of Countries, Battles, SIEGES, AND SEA FIGHTS, Illustrative of the History of Europe. 100 Plates, coloured. Demy 4to, £3 3s.

The Physical Atlas of Natural PHENOMENA. By A. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E. A New and Enlarged Edition. Imperial folio, half-bound Russia or morocco, £12 12s.

Atlas of Astronomy. By A. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E. Edited by J. R. HINN, F.R.A.S. Printed in colours, 4to, half-bound morocco, £1 1s.

Works of Samuel Warren, D.C.L. A Uniform Edition. Five Vols. crown 8vo, 24s.

Diary of a Late Physician. By S. WARREN, D.C.L. Complete in One Vol., 5s. 6d.

Ten Thousand A-Year. By S. WARREN, D.C.L. Complete in Two Vols., 9s.

Now and Then, &c. By S. WARREN, D.C.L. 4s. 6d.

The Caxtons. By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart. In One Vol. post 8vo, in a legible type, cloth, 7s. 6d.

My Novel. By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart. In Two Vols., post 8vo, in a legible type, cloth, 21s.

The Poems and Ballads of SCHILLER. Translated by SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Noctes Ambrosianæ. By PROFESSOR WILSON. Four Vols., with Glossary, £1 4s.

Lady Lee's Widowhood. By LIEUT.-COL. HAMLEY. A New Edition, complete in One Vol., with Illustrations, 6s.

Katie Stewart. A True Story. Second Edition, 6s.

The Quiet Heart. By the Author of "Katie Stewart." 10s. 6d.

Zaidee. A Romance. By MRS. OLIPHANT. Three Vols. 31s. 6d.

Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of SCOTLAND. Vols. I. to VI., in post 8vo, with Portraits and Historical Vignettes, price 10s. 6d. each.

The Story of the Campaign of SEBASTOPOL. By LIEUT.-COL. HAMLEY. With Coloured Illustrations, drawn in Camp by the Author. 8vo, 21s.

Professor Johnston's Chemistry of COMMON LIFE. Two Vols. 11s. 6d.

The Poems of D. M. MOIR (Delta). With Portrait and Memoir. Two Vols. 14s.

The Mother's Legacie. By ELIZABETH JOCELINE. Edited, from the Edition of 1625, by the Very Rev. PRINCIPAL LEE. Cloth, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

The Sketcher. By THE REV. JOHN EAGLES, M.A. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co.

(T. A. SIMPSON, FROM HOWELL, JAMES & CO.),

154, REGENT STREET,

(CORNER OF BEAK STREET,) LONDON,

AND

34, RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS.

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

THIS Establishment is allowed to possess the largest and choicest assortment of English and Foreign Fancy Goods, both valuable and inexpensive, consisting of Jewellery of every description, Watches, Clocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Fans, Dressing and Writing Cases, Despatch Boxes, Work Tables, Caddies, Desks, Work Boxes, Reticules, Ladies' Bags, Travelling Bags, Blotting and Envelope Cases, and every description of Fancy Leather and Cabinet Goods, Pearl, Tortoiseshell, Papier Mâché, &c.; and every variety of Parisian and Foreign Novelties, admirably adapted for presentation. From the long experience of T. A. SIMPSON & Co. in the wholesale trade, apart from this Establishment, and their resources on the Continent and elsewhere, they are enabled to present to their patrons every novelty as soon as produced, of the best workmanship, combined with moderate prices, which can only be effected in such cases. T. A. SIMPSON & Co. beg to invite particular attention to their large Stock of

FRENCH CLOCKS UNDER SHADES, from £2 2s. each,

ALSO

LIBRARY, DINING, AND DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS,

Of the newest designs, varying to £50 each.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO.'S

THREE-GUINEA LADIES' ROSEWOOD DRESSING CASES,

With Jewel Drawer and solid silver-top Bottles; also complete silver-fitted Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases at equally moderate prices. These are all their own manufacture, and highly recommended.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO.'S

FOUR-GUINEA GOLD WATCHES,

Four Holes Jewelled, Horizontal Escapement, Warranted. Silver ditto, £2 10s. English Watches in Gold Cases, from £10 to £30, and in Silver Cases, from £5 to £10.

SOLID GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS,

And every description of Jewellery, of the most modern designs.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO.'S

ORNAMENTS FOR THE WRITING TABLE,

In Walnut and other Woods, Papier Mâché, and Fancy Leather, in large variety.

So choice and beautiful an assortment, within the reach of all classes, is not to be equalled.

Every article marked in plain figures, from which no reduction can be made.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co.,

154, REGENT STREET (CORNER OF BEAK STREET), LONDON,

AND

34, RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS.

NEW ATLASES AND MAPS.

EDWARD STANFORD

Has just published,

I. A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION OF THE FAMILY ATLAS,

Containing Eighty Maps, constructed by Eminent Geographers, and engraved on Steel under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, with the new Discoveries to the latest date; and an Alphabetical Index. PRICE THREE GUINEAS.

** Amongst the most important alterations to be found in this Edition, the Publisher would desire to mention the Map of England and Wales, Geologically coloured, by Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland,—the Annexation of Oude, in India,—the Revision of the Map of the Asiatic Archipelago, by John Crawford, Esq., F.R.S., author of the celebrated Dictionary of the Archipelago,—the Discoveries in Africa by Dr. Livingston and others,—the thorough Revision of the Map of New Zealand, from the Admiralty Surveys of Captain Stokes, R.N., with Discoveries in the Interior, by Walter Mantell, Esq.,—the Star Maps, by Sir John Lubbock, Bart.,—and the Plans of London and Paris, showing all the recent alterations in those Cities to the latest date.

II. A NEW EDITION OF THE CYCLOPÆDIAN, OR ATLAS OF GENERAL MAPS,

Published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; containing Thirty-nine Maps, with an Index to the Principal Places in the World, with reference to the Maps. PRICE ONE GUINEA.

III. A NEW EDITION OF THE GEOLOGICAL MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

By SIR RODERICK I. MURCHISON, F.R.S., &c., &c. Corrected to the present date.
Price—Sheet, 5s., Case, 7s.

IV. THE HARROW ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY;

Selected from the Maps published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Twenty-nine Maps, with Index. Price 12s. 6d.

V. THE JUNIOR HARROW ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY; Fourteen Maps, with Index. Price 7s.

Preparing for Publication.

I. THE HARROW ATLAS OF CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY; Twenty-one Maps, with Index. Price 12s. 6d.

II. THE JUNIOR HARROW ATLAS OF CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY; Eleven Maps, with Index. Price 7s.

III. THE SCHOOL ATLAS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN GEOGRAPHY;

Twenty-five Maps, with Indexes to both Ancient and Modern Maps. Price 12s. 6d.

LONDON: EDWARD STANFORD, 6, CHARING CROSS; WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MAPSELLER; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NEW WORKS.

This day published, price 10s. cloth, The

THIRD VOLUME

OF THE

CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIOGRAPHY.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

This important Biographical Dictionary includes those living names which must hereafter find a place in the history of Politics, Religion, Literature, Art, and Science.

This day published, 8vo, price 1s.,

LETTERS ON THE PURCHASE SYSTEM.

By JACOB OMNIUM.

Also, by the same Author, LETTERS ON MILITARY EDUCATION, Price 2s.

This day published, 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d., with Illustrations,

MATTER;

ITS FORMS AND GOVERNING LAWS.

By GEORGE DUPLEX.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

*"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKSPEARE.*HOUSEHOLD WORDS,
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Part 81, for December 1856, contains:—

NO. 350.

A PETITION TO THE NOVEL WRITERS.
THE FRENCHMAN OF TWO WIVES.
JOHN HOUGHTON'S ADVERTISEMENTS.
PATIENT AND FAITHFUL.
A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.—THE SLOBODA.—A
RUSSIAN VILLAGE.
MONSTERS.

NO. 351.

BOLD WORDS BY A BACHELOR.
ALUMINUM.
THE POOR CLARE. CHAPTER I.
A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.—A COUNTRY HOUSE.
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.
&c. &c.

NO. 352.

A PRETTY PROTECTOR.
THE POOR CLARE. CHAPTER II.
THE BETTER.
A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.—THE RUSSIANS AT HOME.
WHAT IS TO BECOME OF CHATHAM?

NO. 353.

KING MISSIRIE,
I PROMISE TO PAY.
THE POOR CLARE. CHAPTER III.
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.
A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.—RUSSIANS AT HOME.
LEFT AND NEVER CALLED FOR.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN MARY. BEING THE CAPTAIN'S ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS
OF THE SHIP, AND THE MATE'S ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT DELIVERANCE OF HER PEOPLE IN
AN OPEN BOAT AT SEA.HOUSEHOLD WORDS is published in Weekly Numbers, in Monthly Parts, and in
Half-Yearly Volumes,—all of which are on sale.Early in January will be published, price 5s. 6d. cloth, The FOURTEENTH VOLUME OF
HOUSEHOLD WORDS, Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.

OFFICE, 16, WELLINGTON STREET NORTH, STRAND. Sold Everywhere.

This day published, uniform with the First, price 12s., The

SECOND SERIES

OF

PICTURES OF LIFE & CHARACTER,
FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PUNCH.

By JOHN LEECH.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.

Just published, in Three Volumes, post octavo, price £1 11s. 6d.

VERY SUCCESSFUL!

By LADY BULWER LYTTON.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON: WHITTAKER & CO.—TAUNTON: F. R. CLARKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR ANTONIO"
AND "LORENZO BENONI!"

THE PARAGREENS ON A VISIT
TO THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH. Fcap. 8vo, cloth
price 4s.

LORENZO BENONI; or, Passages in
the Life of an Italian.

Illustrated by J. B.—Handsome 8vo, cloth gilt, 12s.

“ Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

Cheap Edition, “ Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

“ Worthy to be ranked among contemporary works
whose season is the century in which their authors live.”

Examiner.

DOCTOR ANTONIO: A Tale. Crown
8vo, cloth extra, price 4s. CHEAP EDITION,
boards, price 2s. 6d.

“ One of the most genuinely successful fictions we have
read for a long time past.”—Leader.

EGYPT: ITS CLIMATE, CHARACTER, AND RESOURCES, AS A WINTER RESORT; with an Appendix of Meteorological Notes. By A. HENRY RHIND, F.S.A., &c. Small 8vo, price 3s.

Edinburgh: THOMAS CONSTABLE & Co.

London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co.

WHO LIKES FUN? Everybody!

Therefore Everybody should buy these two witty
works. Price Sixpence each, post free, sold everywhere.

1. **FOUR HUNDRED CONUNDRUMS AND**

RIDDLES, for Children of all growths.

2. **A BUNDLE OF FUN**, to be untied on a
Winter's Eve.

London: GROOMBRIDGE & SONS, 5, Paternoster Row.

Now ready, in 1 vol., fcap. 8vo, cloth, second edition,
price 5s.

THE USE OF SUNSHINE. A

Christmas Narrative. By MABELLA BUTE
SMOLLEY, Author of "Nina," "Story of a Family," &c.
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., 25, Paternoster Row.

Now ready, in 1 vol., post 8vo, neat cloth, price 7s. 6d.,
uniform with "Clarinda Singelhart," &c.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES. A Tale
of AUVERGNE. By the Author of "Mary
Powell." ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., 25, Paternoster-row.

EDUCATION.—HOVE LODGE,
BRIGHTON. A detached Residence, with large
grounds. DR. WHITTE begs to announce his REMOVAL
from Notting Hill. The Course of Instruction includes
Classics, Mathematics, French, and German. Terms,
50 Guineas a year.

Three Volumes, fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, price 10s. 6d.

Seventh Edition, Illustrated,

PICTURES OF PRIVATE LIFE.

By MRS. ELLIE, Author of "The Mothers of
England," &c.

“* The name of Mrs. Ellis ranks high with all classes.

This is acknowledged to be her best work.

London: WILLIAM TEEG & Co., 85, Queen-street,
Cheapside.

THE LOSS OF HAIR.

ONE of the most annoying proofs of the
inroads of ruthless time has been most successfully
supplied by **OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA**,
which has been no less remarkable than important to
thousands who have experienced its powerful effects in
encouraging or reproducing a fine growth of hair. Old-
ridge's Balm produces a beautiful curl, frees the hair
from scurf, and the first application stops the falling off.
3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per bottle; no other prices are
genuine.—13, Wellington Street North, Strand.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

THE manifold advantages to the heads

of families from the possession of a Medicin of
known efficacy, that may be resorted to with confidence,
and used with success in cases of temporary sickness,
occurring in families more or less evry day, are so
obvious to all, that no question can be raised of its
IMPORTANCE to every housekeeper in the kingdom.

For Females these Pills are truly excellent, removing
all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent
with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight,
nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of
the skin, and produce a healthy complexion. Sold by
PROUT and HARSANT, 229, Strand, London, and all
Medicine Vendors.

GOWLAND'S LOTION

For the Complexion.

TRAVELLERS and all persons exposed
to the weather at this variable season will immediately
on the application of this celebrated Herbal Pre-
paration, experience its extraordinary genial qualities.
It produces and sustains

GREAT PURITY, DELICACY, AND

VIVACITY OF COMPLEXION,

removes freckles, spots and pimples, and promotes
healthy action and elasticity of the skin. Its soothing
and restorative qualities in cases of relaxed or irritable
state of the skin are unrivaled.

CAUTION.—Observe the name of the Proprietor,
E. C. BOURNE, 13, LANE'S CONDUIT STREET, engraved
on the Government Stamp.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Price, half-
pints, 2s. 9d.; Pints, 6s. 6d.; quarts, 8s. 6d.

Now ready, price 1s. 6d., a new and delightful Tale, by the Author of "I'VE BEEN THINKING."

THE STAR AND THE CLOUD; OR, A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.; AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND AT ALL RAILWAY STALLS.

THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND OTHERS.

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY,

For making superior BARLEY WATER in Fifteen minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants and Invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS

For more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farinæ of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a pure and delicate GRUEL, which forms a light and nutritious supper for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and influenza, is of general use in the sick-chamber, and alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.

Prepared only by the Patentees,

ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, AND CO.,
PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN,

64, RED LION STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Canisters, at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each.

**DISORDERS OF THE THROAT,
WINDPIPE, OR LUNGS.**—A RESPIRATOR, to merit the name, and to be fitted for its important trust of promoting free and healthy respiration, while soothing the windpipe and lungs, ought to be constructed with elaborate care, and be composed only of such metals as are the most perfect heat conductors. If it be true that any Medical Practitioners recommend as Respirators articles of non-conducting matter, as cork, charcoal, sponge, or cloth, or of badly-conducting metals, as perforated zinc, or pewter (plated or gilded), it can only be done from a want of reflection. The original instruments for which Mr. Jeffreys introduced the name "Respirator," and which have given to it its wide-spread reputation, are procurable of the Agents, Chemists, and Instrument Makers throughout the kingdom. Wholesale Office, 25, Bucklersbury, London. Mr. JAMES E. PERCIVAL, Manager.



TRELOAR'S COCOA NUT FIBRE MATTING

IS THE BEST.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED—LONDON, NEW YORK, AND PARIS.

Catalogues, containing Prices and every particular, Post Free.

WAREHOUSE, 42, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

PRESENTS IN GREAT VARIETY.

WATSON AND WILLIAMS,

DRESSING-CASE, TRAVELLING BAG, & WRITING-CASE MAKERS,

46, CORNHILL. PATENTEES OF THE IMPROVED DRINKING FLASK.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

THE exuberance of the feelings amid scenes of gaiety induces the fair and youthful to shine to advantage under the gaze of many friends, and therefore to devote increased attention to the duties of the toilet. It is at this festive season that

Rowlands' Auxiliaries of Health and Beauty

are more than usually essential.

The patronage of royalty throughout Europe, their general use by Rank and Fashion, and the universally known efficacy of these articles, give them a celebrity unparalleled, and render them peculiarly

Elegant and Seasonable Presents.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, for the Growth, and for Improving and Beautifying the Hair, imparting a transcendent lustre, and sustaining it in decorative charm.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR imparts a radiant bloom to the Cheek, and a delicacy and softness to the Hands and Arms, and eradicates cutaneous defects.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE, bestows on the Teeth a pearl-like whiteness, strengthens the Gums, and renders the breath sweet and pure.

Sold by A. ROWLAND AND SONS, 20, Hatton Garden, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS!!

**THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY,
FOR ELIGIBLE INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL AND SAVINGS.**
Trustees—LORD VISCOUNT RANELAGH; RIGHT HON. R. A. C. N. HAMILTON, M.P.; HON. COLONEL LOWTHER, M.P.; J. C. COBBOLD, Esq., M.P.

Six per cent. Bonus for 1856.

Secretary—CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, 33, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND.

ALLEN'S PATENT RUSSIA LEATHER DESPATCH BOX,

With or without Dressing Case, is the most complete Travelling Desk. It contains Stationery and all Writing Requisites, with a space for papers, &c., &c.; is so arranged that each article is instantly accessible.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES, including 150 other Articles suitable for Travelling, forwarded upon receipt of two stamps.

**J. W. & T. ALLEN, MANUFACTURERS,
18 & 22, WEST STRAND.**

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS are the prevailing Diseases of the English climate, and the thousands who are now suffering from Asthma, Coughs, Incipient Consumption, and other Pulmonary Maladies, would at once be relieved, and by perseverance entirely cured, by adopting "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES," which are perfectly free from all deleterious ingredients, and during the fifty years of their uninterrupted celebrity, have never been known to fail.

Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

N.B.—To prevent spurious imitation, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.

Politics, Literature, Art, Life, and Manners of Our Time.

The Leader.

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

Published EVERY SATURDAY in time for the Early Morning Mails, and sold by all News-Agents, or may be had direct from the Publisher. Price, Unstamped, Fivepence; Stamped, Sixpence.

LONDON: ALFRED EDMUND GALLOWAY, 352, STRAND.

MAPPIN'S SHILLING RAZOR,

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Warranted good by the Makers, MAPPIN BROTHERS.

MAPPIN'S ELECTRO PLATED SPOONS & FORKS ARE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC AS A GOOD ARTICLE AT A LOW PRICE

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------|
| Table Spoons and Forks, per dozen | 36s 0d. |
| Dessert do. do. | 27 0 |
| Tea Spoons, full size " | 16 0 |
| middle size " | 13 0 |
| Salt Spoons { Gilt Bowls " | |
| Mustard do. { 6s. per doz. } | 14 0 |
| Egg do. { extra. } | |

MAPPIN'S

ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.

MESSRS. MAPPIN'S

CELEBRATED MANUFACTURES IN ELECTRO-PLATE,
COMPRISING TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES,

Side Dishes,

DISH COVERS, SPOONS, AND FORKS,

And all articles usually made in Silver, can now be obtained from
their London Warehouse,

No. 67, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY,

Where the largest stock in London may be seen.

MANUFACTORY,

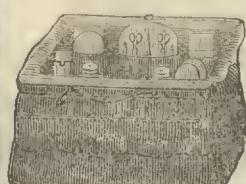
Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.



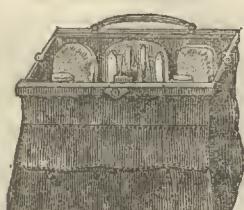
Mappin's Pruning Knives in
every variety,
WARRANTED GOOD BY THE MAKERS.



Gentlemen's
Dressing Case, fitted
complete, £1 1s.



Ladies' Toilette and Dressing
Bag, fitted complete, £4 15s.



Gentlemen's Travelling Dressing
Bag, fitted complete, £4 8s.



Tourist's Solid Leather
Dressing Case, fitted
complete, £2 2s.

MAPPIN'S SUPERIOR TABLE KNIVES,

Maintain their unrivalled superiority—handles cannot
possibly become loose; the blades are all of the very
first quality, being their own Sheffield manufacture.
Buyers supplied at their London Warehouse, 67 and 68,
King William Street, City, and Queen's Cutlery Works,
Sheffield.



MAPPIN BROTHERS,

Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield; and 67, King William Street, London,
WHERE THE STOCK IS SENT DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTORY.

BANK OF DEPOSIT,

No. 3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844.

PARTIES desirous of Investing Money, are requested to examine the plan of the
BANK OF DEPOSIT. Prospectuses and Forms for opening Accounts sent free on
application.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.



FASHIONABLE PARISIAN BONNETS,

IN THE BEST TASTE, BY FIRST-RATE ARTISTES,
AND OF THE BEST AND NEWEST MATERIALS.
EXCELLENCE WITH ECONOMY.

| | |
|-------------------------|----------|
| BONNETS FOR THE SEASON, | at 21s. |
| GLACÉ ditto | 16s. 6d. |
| MOURNING ditto | 14s. 6d. |
| BRIDES' BONNETS | 21s. |
| BRIDESMAIDS' ditto | 12s. 6d. |

CAPS, COIFFURES, FLOWERS, WREATHS, AND
FEATHERS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

The Patent CASPIATO or FOLDING BONNET
packs in a box two inches deep, and surpasses all others
for Lightness, Comfort, and Style.—Prices as above.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT SENT POST-FREE.
A great variety on view at the Show Rooms of the Patentees,

J. & E. SMITH, 151, REGENT STREET,
OPPOSITE BEAK STREET, LONDON.

**THE GENTLEMEN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE
PERUKE.**—The principle upon which this Peruке is made is so superior to everything yet
produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Scopie and the Connisseur, that one may be
convinced, and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perruqueian Art at the
Establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH-STREET.

F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING

THE HEAD.

| Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears alone | As dotted 1 to 1. | Inches. | Eighths. |
|---|----------------------|---------|----------|
| From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required | As dotted 2 to 2. | | |
| From one Temple to the other, across the rise or Crown of the Head to where the Hair grows | As marked 3 to 3. | | |

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF
HAIR ONLY £1 10s



GIVE PERFECT FREEDOM FROM COUCHS IN TEN MINUTES,
AND INSTANT RELIEF AND A RAPID CURE OF
ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE
BREATH AND LUNGS.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. W. J. Cooper, Surgeon, Medical Hall, Canterbury.

Gentlemen—Having heard your Wafers very highly spoken of by several persons who had taken them with
decided benefit, I have recommended them in several cases of confirmed asthma, and their good effects have been
truly astonishing. I now recommend them in all obstinate cases. (Signed) W. J. COOPER, Surgeon.

The particulars of hundreds of Cures may be had from every Agent.
TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness,
and wonderfully increase the power and flexibility of the voice.
THEY HAVE A PLEASANT TASTE. Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box.
Sold by all Chemists.

THE SPONSALIA,

246, REGENT STREET

(OPPOSITE HANOVER CHAPEL).

JAY AND SMITH

HAVING organized a system of business which has given extreme satisfaction to the Patrons of their house, they invite public attention to the leading features in the plan, and to their explanatory outline of the Departments into which the business is divided.

THE VISITOR

To their Establishment is invited to an inspection of the various Manufactures exhibited for sale, but on no pretence whatever importuned to make a purchase.

SHOULD A PURCHASE BE MADE,

And an alteration of opinion take place, an exchange will with pleasure be made.

THE PRICES ARE MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES,

In order that the Purchaser may see there is but one uniform mode of making a charge.

SOMETHING NEW

For each of the Fancy Departments of their house, it is the great aim and endeavour of JAY & SMITH to obtain, If it be an article of but few shillings value, it must be new, lady-like, and different to the great mass of cheap materials which become a livery throughout the kingdom.

THE BEST FABRICS

For the Plain Departments of their house are secured by a reliance upon Manufacturers of established reputation. Chemical science and mechanical skill having given the same finish and appearance to worthless goods which were formerly the distinguishing features in meritorious fabrication, the judgment of a Buyer is effectually set at naught.

THE DEPARTMENTS

Are arranged under separate heads; and the energetic rivalry displayed by each manager is productive of the happiest results. Goods of the most beautiful kind, and in charming variety, are selected; and the desires of the Customer are responded to with the greatest attention.

THE MANTLE DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of Mantle in Silk, Velvet, Cashmere, and Cloth; the great novelty being the Bernous à la Bedouin, introduced by JAY & SMITH.

THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of Bonnets, Caps, Head Dresses, Hair Ornaments, and Artificial Flowers. A Foreign Artist in Flowers is employed on the premises.

THE DRESS DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of made-up Skirt for Full Dress, Evening Dress, or the Promenade. A great novelty in Trimming has been patented by JAY & SMITH, and will be ready in a few days.

THE LACE DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of British and Foreign Lace, Muslin Works, and Cambric Handkerchiefs. Mantles, JACKETS, Sleeves, Scarfs, and Squares in Lace and Muslin. The Spanish Mantilla is the great novelty.

THE OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT,

Which is under the management of a talented woman, comprises every description of underclothing for ladies, made up. Morning Wrappers, Dressing Cowns, &c. Sea Island Long Cloths and Caticoos have been made expressly for Jay and Smith. They rival the ancient cotton fabrics of India, and are a valuable addition to those exclusive and beautiful manufactures which they have collected with the view of rendering their house celebrated for the style in which they execute.

WEDDING OUTFITS AND OUTFITS TO INDIA.

An Explanatory Book will be sent post-free on application.

THE BERNOUS A LA BEDOUIN.

AT the suggestion of many distinguished connoisseurs in Oriental Art, the India Shawl Manufacturers of Delhi and Decca have now been added to the magnificent variety of beautiful woollen materials which JAY & SMITH employ in the manufacture of their celebrated ARAB CLOAKS. The Models, brought from the East by a Noble Family, and kindly presented to JAY & SMITH for imitation, have been strictly adhered to; and it is to this circumstance that the great success of their introduction is attributable, for any diminution in size to create a low price effectually puts an end to that graceful and becoming character, which is acknowledged to be the distinguishing charm. An elegant appendage to the Bernous has been invented and patented by JAY & SMITH, under the title of LOYICA MILITARIS, or the MILITARY FRONTLET, to be used with the Cloak or not, at pleasure, highly ornamental and extremely comfortable in cold weather. Illustrations of the three different modes of wearing the Bernous, also a hook explanatory of the Outfitting and other Departments of the house, will be sent free on application. Velvet Mantles, Opera Cloaks, Cloth Cloaks, Millinery, Dresses, Lace, Muslin Works, and Flowers, have just been received from Paris in great variety.

JAY & SMITH, THE SPONSALIA, 246, REGENT STREET.

SYDENHAM TROUSERS AT 17/6

SAMUEL, BROTHERS,
29, LUDGATE HILL,

Inventors and Sole Manufacturers of the

SYDENHAM TROUSERS,
at 17s. 6d.

Unequalled for Superior Style, Fit, Quality, Perfect Ease, and Gracefulness, so requisite for gentlemanly appearance, and so rarely obtained.

The advantage of the Sydenham Trousers over all others is the Systematical self-adjusting principle on which they are constructed.

THE SYDENHAM TROUSERS.
17/6



SAMUEL, BROTHERS'

STOCK OF OVERCOATS

FOR THE PRESENT SEASON is worthy of inspection, combining the three requisites—quality, style, and moderate price.

READY-MADE CLOTHES EQUAL TO BESPOKE—an advantage not to be obtained at any other establishment.

| | | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|--|----------------------|
| Dress Coats | 21s. 0d. to 42s. 0d. | Talma | 25s. 0d. to 50s. 0d. |
| Frock ditto | 25s. 0d. to 46s. 0d. | Poncho | 21s. 0d. to 42s. 0d. |
| Paletots | 21s. 0d. | Fancy Vests | 5s. 0d. to 10s. 0d. |
| Oxonian Coat | 16s. 0d. to 24s. 0d. | Hussar Suits | 25s. 0d. to 28s. 0d. |
| Albion Over-Coat | 21s. 0d. to 42s. 0d. | The new Circular Coat, with belt, 13s. 0d. | |
| Toga | 25s. 0d. to 50s. 0d. | | |

A FOUR POUND SUIT, Samuel, Brothers, strongly recommend, made from Saxony Cloths, manufactured by an eminent West of England House, the wear of which they warrant. Patterns, &c., of every description of Clothing sent free.

SANGSTERS' SILK AND ALPACA UMBRELLAS, ON FOX'S PARAGON FRAMES.

IT is impossible to enumérâte all the little contrivances that have helped to bring about increased longevity, such, for example, as the Umbrella, which was so much ridiculed on its first introduction, and is now such a universal friend. *Vide Times, January 11th, 1856.*

The late rise in the price of Silk having created so great a demand for Alpaca Cloth (of which material about 250,000 Umbrellas are now annually made) the Manufacturers at Bradford have succeeded in so improving the quality, that the finer sorts of Alpaca can scarcely be distinguished from Silk, whilst their superiority in point of wear is undoubted.

From the experience of the last few years, W. & J. SANGSTER are so convinced of the superiority of the Paragon Frames, that they continue to repair, if necessary, without any charge, all that may be purchased at any of their Establishments, viz.

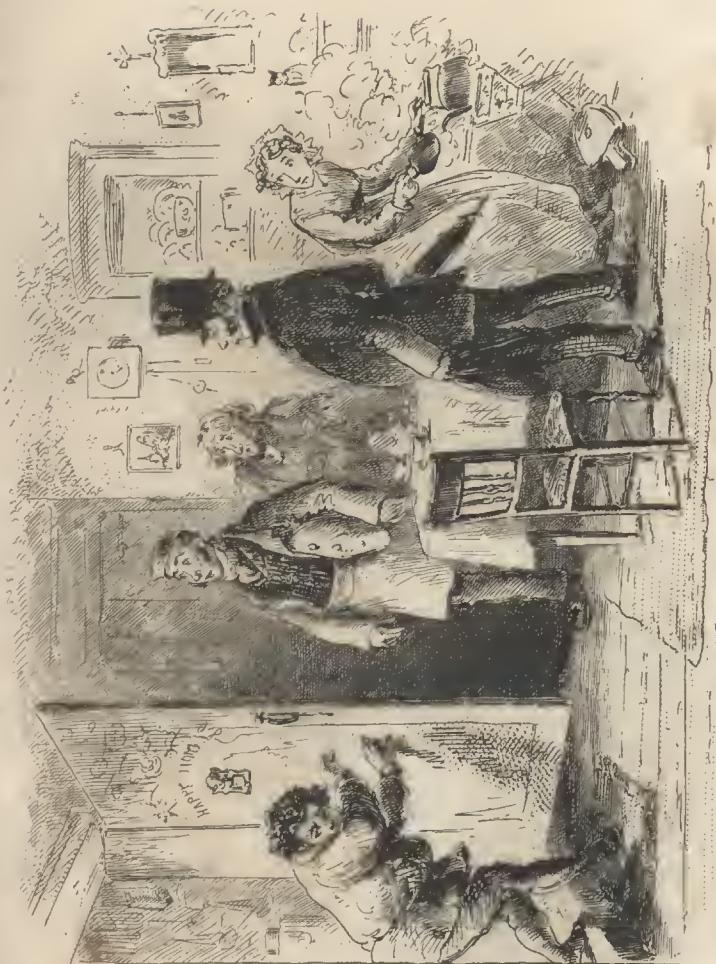


140, REGENT STREET; 10, ROYAL EXCHANGE;
94, FLEET STREET; 75, CHEAPSIDE.
SHIPPIERS SUPPLIED.





The Patriotic Conference



Mr. Baptist is supposed to have seen something



CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH A GREAT PATRIOTIC CONFERENCE IS HOLDEN.

THE famous name of Merdle became, every day, more famous in the land. Nobody knew that the Merdle of such high renown had ever done any good to any one, alive or dead, or to any earthly thing; nobody knew that he had any capacity or utterance of any sort in him, which had ever thrown, for any creature, the feeblest farthing-candle ray of light on any path of duty or diversion, pain or pleasure, toil or rest, fact or fancy, among the multiplicity of paths in the labyrinth trodden by the sons of Adam; nobody had the smallest reason for supposing the clay of which this object of worship was made, to be other than the commonest clay, with as clogged a wick smouldering inside of it as ever kept an image of humanity from tumbling to pieces. All people knew (or thought they knew) that he had made himself immensely rich; and, for that reason alone, prostrated themselves before him, more degradedly and less excusably than the darkest savage creeps out of his hole in the ground to propitiate, in some log or reptile, the Deity of his benighted soul.

Nay, the high priests of this worship had the man before them as a protest against their meanness. The multitude worshipped on trust—though always distinctly knowing why—but the officiators at the altar had the man habitually in their view. They sat at his feasts, and he sat at theirs. There was a spectre always attendant on him, saying to these high priests, “Are such the signs you trust, and love to honor; this head, these eyes, this mode of speech, the tone and manner of this man? You are the levers of the Circumlocution Office, and the rulers of men. When half-a-dozen of you fall out by the ears, it seems that mother earth can give birth to no other rulers. Does your qualification lie in the superior knowledge of men, which accepts, courts, and puffs, this man? Or, if you are competent to judge aright the signs I never fail to show you when he appears among you, is your superior honesty your qualification?” Two rather ugly questions these, always going about town with Mr. Merdle; and there was a tacit agreement that they must be stifled.

In Mrs. Merdle’s absence abroad, Mr. Merdle still kept the great house open, for the passage through it of a stream of visitors. A few of these took affable possession of the establishment. Three or four ladies of distinction and liveliness used to say to one another, “Let us dine at our dear Merdle’s next Thursday. Whom shall we have?” Our dear Merdle would then receive his instructions; and would sit heavily among the company at table and wander lumpishly about his drawing-rooms afterwards, only remarkable for appearing to have nothing to do with the entertainment beyond being in its way.

The Chief Butler, the Avenging-Spirit of this great man's life, relaxed nothing of his severity. He looked on at these dinners when the bosom was not there, as he looked on at other dinners when the bosom was there; and his eye was a basilisk to Mr. Merdle. He was a hard man, and would never bate an ounce of plate or a bottle of wine. He would not allow a dinner to be given, unless it was up to his mark. He set forth the table for his own dignity. If the guests chose to partake of what was served, he saw no objection; but it was served for the maintenance of his rank. As he stood by the sideboard he seemed to announce, "I have accepted office to look at this which is now before me, and to look at nothing less than this." If he missed the presiding bosom, it was as a part of his own state of which he was, from unavoidable circumstances, temporarily deprived. Just as he might have missed a centre-piece, or a choice wine-cooler, which had been sent to the Banker's.

Mr. Merdle issued invitations for a Barnacle dinner. Lord Decimus was to be there, Mr. Tite Barnacle was to be there, the pleasant young Barnacle was to be there; and the Chorus of Parliamentary Barnacles who went about the provinces when the House was up, warbling the praises of their Chief, were to be represented there. It was understood to be a great occasion. Mr. Merdle was going to take up the Barnacles. Some delicate little negotiations had occurred between him and the noble Decimus—the young Barnacle of engaging manners acting as negotiator—and Mr. Merdle had decided to cast the weight of his great probity and great riches into the Barnacle scale. Jobbery was suspected by the malicious; perhaps because it was indisputable that if the adherence of the immortal Enemy of Mankind could have been secured by a job, the Barnacles would have jobbed him—for the good of the country, for the good of the country.

Mrs. Merdle had written to this magnificent spouse of hers, whom it was heresy to regard as anything less than all the British Merchants since the days of Whittington rolled into one, and gilded three feet deep all over—had written to this spouse of hers, several letters from Rome, in quick succession, urging upon him with importunity that now or never was the time to provide for Edmund Sparkler. Mrs. Merdle had shown him that the case of Edmund was urgent, and that infinite advantages might result from his having some good thing directly. In the grammar of Mrs. Merdle's verbs on this momentous subject, there was only one Mood, the Imperative; and that Mood has only one Tense, the Present. Mrs. Merdle's verbs were so pressingly presented to Mr. Merdle to conjugate, that his sluggish blood and his long coat-euffs became quite agitated.

In which state of agitation, Mr. Merdle, evasively rolling his eyes round the Chief Butler's shoes without raising them to the index of that stupendous creature's thoughts, had signified to him his intention of giving a special dinner: not a very large dinner, but a very special dinner. The Chief Butler had signified, in return, that he had no objection to look on at the most expensive thing in that way that could be done: and the day of the dinner was now come.

Mr. Merdle stood in one of his drawing-rooms, with his back to the fire, waiting for the arrival of his important guests. He seldom or

never took the liberty of standing with his back to his fire, unless he was quite alone. In the presence of the Chief Butler, he could not have done such a deed. He would have clasped himself by the wrists in that constabulary manner of his, and have paced up and down the hearthrug, or gone creeping about among the rich objects of furniture, if his oppressive retainer had appeared in the room at that very moment. The sly shadows which seemed to dart out of hiding when the fire rose, and to dart back into it when the fire fell, were sufficient witnesses of his making himself so easy. They were even more than sufficient, if his uncomfortable glances at them might be taken to mean anything.

Mr. Merdle's right hand was filled with the evening paper, and the evening paper was full of Mr. Merdle. His wonderful enterprise, his wonderful wealth, his wonderful Bank, were the fattening food of the evening paper that night. The wonderful Bank, of which he was the chief projector, establisher, and manager, was the latest of the many Merdle wonders. So modest was Mr. Merdle withal, in the midst of these splendid achievements, that he looked far more like a man in possession of his house under a restraint, than a commercial Colossus bestriding his own hearthrug, while the little ships were sailing in to dinner.

Behold the vessels coming into port! The engaging young Barnacle was the first arrival; but Bar overtook him on the staircase. Bar, strengthened as usual with his double eye-glass and his little jury droop, was overjoyed to see the engaging young Barnacle; and opined that we were going to sit in *Baneo*, as we lawyers called it, to take a special argument?

"Indeed," said the sprightly young Barnacle, whose name was Ferdinand: "how so?"

"Nay," smiled Bar. "If you don't know, how can I know? You are in the innermost sanctuary of the temple; I am one of the admiring concourse on the plain without."

Bar could be light in hand, or heavy in hand, according to the customer he had to deal with. With Ferdinand Barnacle he was gossamer. Bar was likewise always modest and self-deprecatory—in his way. Bar was a man of great variety; but one leading thread ran through the woof of all his patterns. Every man with whom he had to do was, in his eyes, a juryman; and he must get that juryman over, if he could.

"Our illustrious host and friend," said Bar; "our shining mercantile star;—going into politics?"

"Going? He has been in Parliament some time, you know," returned the engaging young Barnacle.

"True," said Bar, with his light-comedy laugh for special jury-men: which was a very different thing from his low-comedy laugh for comic tradesmen on common juries: "he has been in Parliament for some time. Yet hitherto our star has been a vacillating and wavering star? Humph?"

An average witness would have been seduced by the Humph? into an affirmative answer. But Ferdinand Barnacle looked knowingly at Bar as they strolled up-stairs, and gave him no answer at all.

"Just so, just so," said Bar, nodding his head, for he was not to be put off in that way, "and therefore I spoke of our sitting *in Banco* to take a special argument—meaning this to be a high and solemn occasion, when, as Captain Macheath says, 'the Judges are met: a terrible show!' We lawyers are sufficiently liberal, you see, to quote the Captain, though the Captain is severe upon us. Nevertheless, I think I could put in evidence an admission of the Captain's," said Bar, with a little jocose roll of his head; for, in his legal current of speech, he always assumed the air of rallying himself with the best grace in the world: "an admission of the Captain's that Law, in the gross, is at least intended to be impartial. For, what says the Captain, if I quote him correctly—and if not," with a light-comedy touch of his double eye-glass on his companion's shoulder, "my learned friend will set me right:

'Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company
Upon Tyburn Tree!'"

These words brought them to the drawing-room, where Mr. Merdle stood before the fire. So immensely astounded was Mr. Merdle by the entrance of Bar with such a reference in his mouth, that Bar explained himself to have been quoting Gay. "Assuredly not one of our Westminster Hall authorities," said he, "but still no despicable one to a man possessing the largely-practical Mr. Merdle's knowledge of the world."

Mr. Merdle looked as if he thought he would say something, but subsequently looked as if he thought he wouldn't. The interval afforded time for Bishop to be announced.

Bishop came in with meekness, and yet with a strong and rapid step, as if he wanted to get his seven-league dress-shoes on, and go round the world to see that everybody was in a satisfactory state. Bishop had no idea that there was anything significant in the occasion. That was the most remarkable trait in his demeanour. He was crisp, fresh, cheerful, affable, bland; but so surprisingly innocent!

Bar slid up to prefer his politest enquiries in reference to the health of Mrs. Bishop. Mrs. Bishop had been a little unfortunate in the article of taking cold at a Confirmation, but otherwise was well. Young Mr. Bishop was also well. He was down, with his young wife and little family, at his Cure of Souls.

The representatives of the Barnacle Chorus dropped in next, and Mr. Merdle's physician dropped in next. Bar, who had a bit of one eye and a bit of his double eye-glass for every one who came in at the door, no matter with whom he was conversing or what he was talking about, got among them all by some skilful means, without being seen to get at them, and touched each individual gentleman of the jury on his own individual favorite spot. With some of the Chorus, he laughed about the sleepy member who had gone out into the lobby the other night, and voted the wrong way: with others, he deplored that innovating spirit in the time which could not even be prevented from

taking an unnatural interest in the public service and the public money: with the physician he had a word to say about the general health; he had also a little information to ask him for, concerning a professional man, of unquestioned erudition and polished manners—but those credentials in their highest development he believed were the possession of other professors of the healing art (jury droop)—whom he had happened to have in the witness-box the day before yesterday, and from whom he had elicited in cross-examination that he claimed to be one of the exponents of this new mode of treatment which appeared to Bar to—eh?—well, Bar thought so; Bar had thought, and hoped, Physician would tell him so. Without presuming to decide where doctors disagreed, it did appear to Bar, viewing it as a question of common sense and not of so-called legal penetration, that this new system was—might he, in the presence of so great an authority—say, Humbug? Ah! Fortified by such encouragement, he could venture to say Humbug; and now Bar's mind was relieved.

Mr. Tite Barnacle, who, like Dr. Johnson's celebrated acquaintance, had only one idea in his head, and that was a wrong one, had appeared by this time. This eminent gentleman and Mr. Merdle, seated diverse ways and with ruminating aspects, on a yellow ottoman in the light of the fire, holding no verbal communication with each other, bore a strong general resemblance to the two cows in the Cuyp picture over against them.

But, now, Lord Decimus arrived. The Chief Butler, who up to this time had limited himself to a branch of his usual function by looking at the company as they entered (and that, with more of defiance than favor), put himself so far out of his way as to come upstairs with him and announced him. Lord Decimus being an overpowering peer, a bashful young member of the Lower House, who was the last fish but one caught by the Barnacles and who had been invited on this occasion to commemorate his capture, shut his eyes when his Lordship came in.

Lord Decimus nevertheless was glad to see the Member. He was also glad to see Mr. Merdle, glad to see Bishop, glad to see Bar, glad to see Physician, glad to see Tite Barnacle, glad to see Chorus, glad to see Ferdinand his private secretary. Lord Decimus, though one of the greatest of the earth, was not remarkable for ingratitatory manners, and Ferdinand had coached him up to the point of noticing all the fellows he might find there, and saying he was glad to see them. When he had achieved this rush of vivacity and condescension, his Lordship composed himself into the picture after Cuyp, and made a third cow in the group.

Bar, who felt that he had got all the rest of the jury and must now lay hold of the Foreman, soon came sliding up, double eye-glass in hand. Bar tendered the weather, as a subject neatly aloof from official reserve, for the Foreman's consideration. Bar said that he was told (as everybody always is told, though who tells them, and why, will for ever remain a mystery), that there was to be no wall-fruit this year. Lord Decimus had not heard anything amiss of his peaches, but rather believed, if his people were correct, he was to have no apples. No apples? Bar was lost in astonishment and concern. It would have

into the inheritance of a large sum of money? I have met with a variety of allusions to it. Do you know anything of it, Ferdinand?"

"I only know this much," said Ferdinand, "that he has given the Department with which I have the honor to be associated;" this sparkling young Barnacle threw off the phrase sportively, as who should say, We know all about these forms of speech, but we must keep it up, we must keep the game alive; "no end of trouble, and has put us into innumerable fixes."

"Fixes?" repeated Lord Decimus, with a majestic pausing and pondering on the word that made the bashful member shut his eyes quite tight. "Fixes?"

"A very perplexing business indeed," observed Mr. Tite Barnacle, with an air of grave resentment.

"What," said Lord Decimus, "was the character of his business; what was the nature of these—a—fixes, Ferdinand?"

"Oh, it's a good story, as a story," returned that gentleman; "as good a thing of its kind, as need be. This Mr. Dorrit (his name is Dorrit) had incurred a responsibility to us, ages before the fairy came out of the Bank and gave him his fortune, under a bond he had signed for the performance of a contract which was not at all performed. He was partner in a house in some large way—spirits, or buttons, or wine, or blacking, or oatmeal, or woollen, or pork, or hooks and eyes, or iron, or treacle, or shoes, or something or other that was wanted for troops, or seamen, or somebody—and the house burst, and we being among the creditors, detainers were lodged on the part of the Crown in a scientific manner, and all the rest of it. When the fairy had appeared and he wanted to pay us off, Egad we had got into such an exemplary state of checking and counter-checking, signing and counter-signing, that it was six months before we knew how to take the money, or how to give a receipt for it. It was a triumph of public business," said this handsome young Barnacle, laughing heartily. "You never saw such a lot of forms in your life. 'Why,' the attorney said to me one day, 'if I wanted this office to give me two or three thousand pounds instead of take it, I couldn't have more trouble about it.' 'You are right, old fellow,' I told him, 'and in future you'll know that we have something to do here.'" The pleasant young Barnacle finished by once more laughing heartily. He was a very easy, pleasant fellow indeed, and his manners were exceedingly winning.

Mr. Tite Barnacle's view of the business was of a less airy character. He took it ill that Mr. Dorrit had troubled the Department by wanting to pay the money, and considered it a grossly informal thing to do after so many years. But, Mr. Tite Barnacle was a buttoned-up man, and consequently a weighty one. All buttoned-up men are weighty. All buttoned-up men are believed in. Whether or no the reserved and never-exercised power of unbuttoning, fascinates mankind; whether or no wisdom is supposed to condense and augment when buttoned up, and to evaporate when unbuttoned; it is certain that the man to whom importance is accorded is the buttoned-up man. Mr. Tite Barnacle never would have passed for half his current value, unless his coat had been always buttoned-up to his white cravat.

"May I ask," said Lord Decimus, "if Mr. Darrit—or Dorrit—has any family?"

Nobody else replying, the host said, "He has two daughters, my lord."

"Oh! You are acquainted with him?" asked Lord Decimus.

"Mrs. Merdle is. Mr. Sparkler is, too. In fact," said Mr. Merdle, "I rather believe that one of the young ladies has made an impression on Edmund Sparkler. He is susceptible, and—I—think—the conquest—" Here Mr. Merdle stopped, and looked at the table-cloth: as he usually did when he found himself observed or listened to.

Bar was uncommonly pleased to find that the Merdle family, and this family, had already been brought into contact. He submitted, in a low voice across the table to Bishop, that it was a kind of analogical illustration of those physical laws, in virtue of which Like flies to Like. He regarded this power of attraction in wealth to draw wealth to it, as something remarkably interesting and curious—something indefinitely allied to the loadstone and gravitation. Bishop, who had ambled back to earth again when the present theme was broached, acquiesced. He said it was indeed highly important to Society that one in the trying situation of unexpectedly finding himself invested with a power for good or for evil in Society, should become, as it were, merged in the superior power of a more legitimate and more gigantic growth, the influence of which (as in the case of our friend, at whose board we sat) was habitually exercised in harmony with the best interests of Society. Thus, instead of two rival and contending flames, a larger and a lesser, each burning with a lurid and uncertain glare, we had a blended and a softened light whose genial ray diffused an equable warmth throughout the land. Bishop seemed to like his own way of putting the case very much, and rather dwelt upon it; Bar, meanwhile (not to throw away a juryman), making a show of sitting at his feet and feeding on his precepts.

The dinner and dessert being three hours' long, the bashful member cooled in the shadow of Lord Decimus faster than he warmed with food and drink, and had but a chilly time of it. Lord Decimus, like a tall tower in a flat country, seemed to project himself across the table-cloth, hide the light from the honorable member, cool the honorable member's marrow, and give him a woeful idea of distance. When he asked this unfortunate traveller to take wine, he encompassed his faltering steps with the gloomiest of shades; and when he said, "Your health, sir!" all around him was barrenness and desolation.

At length Lord Decimus, with a coffee-cup in his hand, began to hover about among the pictures, and to cause an interesting speculation to arise in all minds as to the probabilities of his ceasing to hover, and enabling the smaller birds to flutter up-stairs; which could not be done until he had urged his noble pinions in that direction. After some delay, and several stretches of his wings which came to nothing, he soared to the drawing-rooms.

And here a difficulty arose, which always does arise, when two people are specially brought together at a dinner to confer with one

another. Everybody (except Bishop, who had no suspicion of it) knew perfectly well that this dinner had been eaten and drunk, specifically to the end that Lord Decimus and Mr. Merdle should have five minutes' conversation together. The opportunity so elaborately prepared was now arrived, and it seemed from that moment that no merely human ingenuity could so much as get the two chieftains into the same room. Mr. Merdle and his noble guest persisted in prowling about at opposite ends of the perspective. It was in vain for the engaging Ferdinand to bring Lord Decimus to look at the bronze horses near Mr. Merdle. Then Mr. Merdle evaded, and wandered away. It was in vain for him to bring Mr. Merdle to Lord Decimus to tell him the history of the unique Dresden vases. Then, Lord Decimus evaded and wandered away, while he was getting his man up to the mark.

"Did you ever see such a thing as this?" said Ferdinand to Bar, when he had been baffled twenty times.

"Often," returned Bar.

"Unless I butt one of them into an appointed corner, and you butt the other," said Ferdinand, "it will not come off after all."

"Very good," said Bar. "I'll butt Merdle, if you like; but, not my lord."

Ferdinand laughed, in the midst of his vexation. "Confound them both!" said he, looking at his watch. "I want to get away. Why the deuce can't they come together! They both know what they want and mean to do. Look at them!"

They were still looming at opposite ends of the perspective, each with an absurd pretence of not having the other on his mind, which could not have been more transparently ridiculous though his real mind had been chalked on his back. Bishop, who had just now made a third with Bar and Ferdinand, but whose innocence had again cut him out of the subject and washed him in sweet oil, was seen to approach Lord Decimus and glide into conversation.

"I must get Merdle's doctor to catch and secure him, I suppose," said Ferdinand; "and then I must lay hold of my illustrious kinsman, and decoy him if I can—drag him if I can't—to the conference."

"Since you do me the honor," said Bar, with his slyest smile, "to ask for my poor aid, it shall be yours with the greatest pleasure. I don't think this is to be done by one man. But, if you will undertake to pen my lord into that furthest drawing-room where he is now so profoundly engaged, I will undertake to bring our dear Merdle into the presence, without the possibility of getting away."

"Done!" said Ferdinand. "Done!" said Bar.

Bar was a sight wondrous to behold, and full of matter, when, jauntily waving his double eye-glass by its ribbon, and jauntily drooping to an Universe of Jurymen, he, in the most accidental manner ever seen, found himself at Mr. Merdle's shoulder, and embraced that opportunity of mentioning a little point to him, on which he particularly wished to be guided by the light of his practical knowledge. (Here he took Mr. Merdle's arm and walked him gently away.) A banker, whom we would call A. B. advanced a consider-

able sum of money, which we would call fifteen thousand pounds, to a client or customer of his, whom he would call P. Q. (Here, as they were getting towards Lord Decimus, he held Mr. Merdle tight.) As a security for the repayment of this advance to P. Q. whom we would call a widow lady, there were placed in A. B.'s hands the title deeds of a freehold estate, which we would call Blinkiter Doodles. Now, the point was this. A limited right of felling and lopping in the woods of Blinkiter Doodles, lay in the son of P. Q. then past his majority, and whom we would call X. Y.—but really this was too bad! In the presence of Lord Decimus, to detain the host with chopping our dry chaff of law, was really too bad! Another time! Bar was truly repentant, and would not say another syllable. Would Bishop favor him with half a dozen words? (He had now set Mr. Merdle down on a couch, side by side with Lord Decimus, and to it they must go now, or never.)

Aud now the rest of the company, highly excited and interested, always excepting Bishop who had not the slightest idea that anything was going on, formed in one group round the fire in the next drawing-room, and pretended to be chatting easily on an infinite variety of small topics, while everybody's thoughts and eyes were secretly straying towards the secluded pair. The Chorus were excessively nervous, perhaps as laboring under the dreadful apprehension that some good thing was going to be diverted from them. Bishop alone talked steadily and evenly. He conversed with the great Physician on that relaxation of the throat with which young curates were too frequently afflicted, and on the means of lessening the great prevalence of that disorder in the church. Physician, as a general rule, was of opinion that the best way to avoid it was to know how to read, before you made a profession of reading. Bishop said dubiously, did he really think so? And Physician said, decidedly, yes he did.

Ferdinand, meanwhile, was the only one of the party who skirmished on the outside of the circle; he kept about midway between it and the two, as if some sort of surgical operation were being performed by Lord Decimus on Mr. Merdle, or by Mr. Merdle on Lord Decimus, and his services might at any moment be required as Dresser. In fact, within a quarter of an hour, Lord Decimus called to him "Ferdinand!" and he went, and took his place in the conference for some five minutes more. Then a half-suppressed gasp broke out among the Chorus; for, Lord Decimus rose to take his leave. Again coached up by Ferdinand to the point of making himself popular, he shook hands in the most brilliant manner with the whole company, and even said to Bar "I hope you were not bored by my pears?" To which Bar retorted "Eton, my lord, or Parliamentary?" neatly showing that he had mastered the joke, and delicately insinuating that he could never forget it while life remained.

All the grave importance that was buttoned up in Mr. Tite Barnacle, took itself away next; and Ferdinand took himself away next, to the opera. Some of the rest lingered a little, marrying golden liqueur glassos to Buhl tables with sticky rings; on the desperate chance of Mr. Merdle's saying something. But, Mr. Merdle, as usual,

oozed sluggishly and muddily about his drawing-room, saying never a word.

In a day or two it was announced to all the town, that Edmund Sparkler, Esquire, son-in-law of the eminent Mr. Merdle of world-wide renown, was made one of the Lords of the Circumlocution Office; and proclamation was issued, to all true believers, that this admirable appointment was to be hailed as a graceful and gracious mark of homage, rendered by the graceful and gracious Deemus, to that commercial interest which must ever in a great commercial country—and all the rest of it, with blast of trumpet. So, bolstered by this mark of Government homage, the wonderful Bank and all the other wonderful undertakings went on and went up; and gapers came to Harley Street, Cavendish Square, only to look at the house where the golden wonder lived.

And when they saw the Chief Butler looking out at the hall-door in his moments of condescension, the gapers said how rich he looked, and wondered how much money he had in the wonderful Bank. But, if they had known that respectable Nemesis better, they would not have wondered about it, and might have stated the amount with the utmost precision.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PROGRESS OF AN EPIDEMIC.

THAT it is at least as difficult to stay a moral infection as a physical one; that such a disease will spread with the malignity and rapidity of the Plague; that the contagion, when it has once made head, will spare no pursuit or condition, but will lay hold on people in the soundest health, and become developed in the most unlikely constitutions; is a fact as firmly established by experience as that we human creatures breathe an atmosphere. A blessing beyond appreciation would be conferred upon mankind, if the tainted, in whose weakness or wickedness these virulent disorders are bred, could be instantly seized and placed in close confinement (not to say summarily smothered) before the poison is communicable.

As a vast fire will fill the air to a great distance with its roar, so the sacred flame which the mighty Barnacles had fanned caused the air to resound more and more, with the name of Merdle. It was deposited on every lip, and carried into every ear. There never was, there never had been, there never again should be, such a man as Mr. Merdle. Nobody, as aforesaid, knew what he had done; but everybody knew him to be the greatest that had appeared.

Down in Bleeding Heart Yard, where there was not one unappropriated halfpenny, as lively an interest was taken in this paragon of men as on the Stock Exchange. Mrs. Plornish, now established in the small grocery and general trade in a snug little shop at the crack

end of the Yard, at the top of the steps, with her little old father and Maggy acting as assistants, habitually held forth about him over the counter, in conversation with her customers. Mr. Plornish, who had a small share in a small builder's business in the neighbourhood, said, trowel in hand, on the tops of scaffolds and on the tiles of houses, that people did tell him as Mr. Merdle was *the* one, mind you, to put us all to rights in respects of that which all on us looked to, and to bring us all safe home as much we needed, mind you, fur toe be brought. Mr. Baptist, sole lodger of Mr. and Mrs. Plornish, was reputed in whispers to lay by the savings which were the result of his simple and moderate life, for investment in one of Mr. Merdle's certain enterprises. The female Bleeding Hearts, when they came for ounces of tea and hundredweights of talk, gave Mrs. Plornish to understand, That how, ma'am, they had heard from their cousin Mary Anne, which worked in the line, that his lady's dresses would fill three waggons. That how she was as handsome a lady, ma'am, as lived, no matter wheres, and a busk like marble itself. That how, according to what they was told, ma'am, it was her son by a former husband as was took into the Government; and a General he had been, and armies he had marched again and victory crowned, if all you heard was to be believed. That how it was reported that Mr. Merdle's words had been, that if they could have made it worth his while to take the whole government he would have took it without a profit, but that take it he could not and stand a loss. That how it was not to be expected, ma'am, that he should lose by it, his ways being, as you might say and utter no falsehood, paved with gold; but that how it was much to be regretted that something handsome hadn't been got up to make it worth his while; for it was such and only such that knowed the heighth to which the broad and butchers' meat had rose, and it was such and only such that both could and would bring that heighth down.

So rife and potent was the fever in Bleeding Heart Yard, that Mr. Pancks's rent-days caused no interval in the patients. The disease took the singular form, on those occasions, of causing the infected to find an unfathomable excuse and consolation in allusions to the magic name.

"Now, then!" Mr. Pancks would say, to a defaulting lodger, "Pay up! Come on!"

"I haven't got it, Mr. Pancks," Defaulter would reply. "I tell you the truth, sir, when I say I haven't got so much as a single six-pence of it to bless myself with."

"This won't do, you know," Mr. Pancks would retort. "You don't expect it *will* do; do you?"

Defaulter would admit, with a low-spirited "No, sir," having no such expectation.

"My proprietor isn't going to stand this, you know," Mr. Pancks would proceed. "He don't send me here for this. Pay up! Come!"

The Defaulter would make answer, "Ah, Mr. Pancks. If I was the rich gentleman whose name is in everybody's mouth—if my name was Merdle, sir—I'd soon pay up, and be glad to do it."

Dialogues on the rent-question usually took place at the house-doors or in the entries, and in the presence of several deeply-interested Bleeding Hearts. They always received a reference of this kind with a low murmur of response, as if it were convincing; and the Defaulter, however blank and discomfited before, always cheered up a little in making it.

“If I was Mr. Merdle, sir, you wouldn’t have cause to complain of me then. No, believe me!” the Defaulter would proceed with a shake of the head. “I’d pay up so quick then, Mr. Pancks, that you shouldn’t have to ask me.”

The response would be heard again here, implying that it was impossible to say anything fairer, and that this was the next thing to paying the money down.

Mr. Pancks would be now reduced to saying as he booked the case, “Well! You’ll have the broker in, and be turned out; that’s what’ll happen to you. It’s no use talking to me about Mr. Merdle. You are not Mr. Merdle, any more than I am.”

“No, sir,” the Defaulter would reply. “I only wish you *were* him, sir.”

The response would take this up quickly: replying with great feeling, “Only wish you *were* him, sir.”

“You’d be easier with us if you were Mr. Merdle, sir,” the Defaulter would go on, with rising spirits, “and it would be better for all parties. Better for our sakes, and better for yours, too. You wouldn’t have to worry no one then, sir. You wouldn’t have to worry us, and you wouldn’t have to worry yourself. You’d be easier in your own mind, sir, and you’d leave others easier, too, you would, if you were Mr. Merdle.”

Mr. Pancks, in whom these impersonal compliments produced an irresistible sheepishness, never rallied after such a charge. He could only bite his nails and puff away to the next Defaulter. The responsive Bleeding Hearts would then gather round the Defaulter whom he had just abandoned, and the most extravagant rumours would circulate among them, to their great comfort, touching the amount of Mr. Merdle’s ready money.

From one of the many such defeats of one of many rent-days, Mr. Pancks, having finished his day’s collection, repaired with his note-book under his arm, to Mrs. Plornish’s corner. Mr. Pancks’s object was not professional, but social. He had had a trying day, and wanted a little brightening. By this time he was on friendly terms with the Plornish family, having often looked in upon them, at similar seasons, and borne his part in recollections of Miss Dorrit.

Mrs. Plornish’s shop-parlor had been decorated under her own eye, and presented, on the side towards the shop, a little fiction in which Mrs. Plornish unspeakably rejoiced. This poetical heightening of the parlor consisted in the wall being painted to represent the exterior of a thatched cottage; the artist having introduced (in as effective a manner as he found compatible with their highly disproportionate dimensions) the real door and window. The modest sun-flower and hollyhock were depicted as flourishing with great luxuriance on this rustic dwelling, while a quantity of dense smoke issuing from the chimney

indicated good cheer within, and also, perhaps, that it had not been lately swept. A faithful dog was represented as flying at the legs of the friendly visitor, from the threshold; and a circular pigeon-house, enveloped in a cloud of pigeons, arose from behind the garden-paling. On the door (when it was shut), appeared the semblance of a brass plate, presenting the inscription, Happy Cottage, T. and M. Plornish; the partnership expressing man and wife. No Poetry and no Art ever charmed the imagination more than the union of the two in this counterfeit cottage charmed Mrs. Plornish. It was nothing to her that Plornish had a habit of leaning against it as he smoked his pipe after work, when his hat blotted out the pigeon-house and all the pigeons, when his back swallowed up the dwelling, when his hands in his pockets uprooted the blooming garden and laid waste the adjacent country. To Mrs. Plornish, it was still a most beautiful cottage, a most wonderful deception; and it made no difference that Mr. Plornish's eye was some inches above the level of the gable bed-room in the thatch. To come out into the shop after it was shut, and hear her father sing a song inside this cottage, was a perfect Pastoral to Mrs. Plornish, the Golden Age revived. And truly if that famous period had been revived, or had ever been at all, it may be doubted whether it would have produced many more heartily admiring daughters than the poor woman.

Warned of a visitor by the tinkling bell at the shop-door, Mrs. Plornish came out of Happy Cottage to see who it might be. "I guessed it was you, Mr. Pancks," said she, "for it's quite your regular night; ain't it? Here's father, you see, come out to serve at the sound of the bell, like a brisk young shopman. Ain't he looking well? Father's more pleased to see you than if you was a customer, for he dearly loves a gossip; and when it turns upon Miss Dorrit, he loves it all the more. You never heard father in such voice as he is in at present," said Mrs. Plornish, her own voice quavering, she was so proud and pleased. "He gave us Strephon last night, to that degree that Plornish gets up and makes him this speech across the table. 'John Edward Nandy,' says Plornish to father, 'I never heard you come the warbles as I have heard you come the warbles this night.' An't it gratifying, Mr. Pancks, though; really?"

Mr. Pancks, who had snorted at the old man in his friendliest manner, replied in the affirmative, and casually asked whether that lively Altro chap had come in yet? Mrs. Plornish answered no, not yet, though he had gone to the West-End with some work, and had said he should be back by tea-time. Mr. Pancks was then hospitably pressed into Happy Cottage, where he encountered the elder Master Plornish just come home from school. Examining that young student, lightly, on the educational proceedings of the day, he found that the more advanced pupils who were in large text and the letter M, had been set the copy, "Merdle, Millions."

"And how are *you* getting on, Mrs. Plornish," said Pancks, "since we're mentioning millions?"

"Very steady indeed, sir," returned Mrs. Plornish. "Father dear, would you go into the shop and tidy the window a little bit before tea, your taste being so beautiful?"

John Edward Nandy trotted away, much gratified, to comply with his daughter's request. Mrs. Plornish, who was always in mortal terror of mentioning pecuniary affairs before the old gentleman, lest any disclosure she made might rouse his spirit and induce him to run away to the workhouse, was thus left free to be confidential with Mr. Pancks.

"It's quite true that the business is very steady indeed," said Mrs. Plornish, lowering her voice; "and has a excellent connection. The only thing that stands in its way, sir, is the Credit."

This drawback, rather severely felt by most people who engaged in commercial transactions with the inhabitants of Bleeding Heart Yard, was a large stumbling-block in Mrs. Plornish's trade. When Mr. Dorrit had established her in the business, the Bleeding Hearts had shown an amount of emotion and a determination to support her in it, that did honor to human nature. Recognising her claim upon their generous feelings as one who had long been a member of their community, they pledged themselves, with great feeling, to deal with Mrs. Plornish, come what would, and bestow their patronage on no other establishment. Influenced by these noble sentiments, they had even gone out of their way to purchase little luxuries in the grocery and butter line to which they were unaccustomed; saying to one another, that if they did stretch a point, was it not for a neighbour and a friend, and for whom ought a point to be stretched if not for such? So stimulated, the business was extremely brisk, and the articles in stock went off with the greatest celerity. In short, if the Bleeding Hearts had but paid, the undertaking would have been a complete success; whereas, by reason of their exclusively confining themselves to owing, the profits actually realised had not yet begun to appear in the books.

Mr. Pancks was making a very porcupine of himself by sticking his hair up, in the contemplation of this state of accounts, when old Mr. Nandy, re-entering the cottage with an air of mystery, entreated them to come and look at the strange behaviour of Mr. Baptist, who seemed to have met with something that had scared him. All three going into the shop, and watching through the window, then saw Mr. Baptist, pale and agitated, go through the following extraordinary performances. First, he was observed hiding at the top of the steps leading down into the Yard, and peeping up and down the street, with his head cautiously thrust out close to the side of the shop door. After very anxious scrutiny, he came out of his retreat, and went briskly down the street as if he were going away altogether; then, suddenly turned about, and went, at the same pace and with the same feint, up the street. He had gone no further up the street than he had gone down, when he crossed the road and disappeared. The object of this last manœuvre was only apparent, when his entering the shop with a sudden twist, from the steps again, explained that he had made a wide and obscure circuit round to the other, or Doyce and Cleunam, end of the Yard, and had come through the Yard and bolted in. He was out of breath by that time, as he might well be; and his heart seemed to jerk faster than the little shop-bell, as it quivered and jingled behind him with his hasty shutting of the door.

"Hallo, old chap!" said Mr. Pancks. "Altro, old boy! What's the matter?"

Mr. Baptist, or Signor Cavalletto, understood English now almost as well as Mr. Pancks himself, and could speak it very well too. Nevertheless, Mrs. Plornish, with a pardonable vanity in that accomplishment of hers which made her all but Italian, stepped in as interpreter.

"E ask know," said Mrs. Plornish, "what go wrong?"

"Come into the happy little cottage, Padrona," returned Mr. Baptist, imparting great stealthiness to his flurried back-handed shake of his right forefinger. "Come there!"

Mrs. Plornish was proud of the title Padrona, which she regarded as signifying: not so much Mistress of the house, as Mistress of the Italian tongue. She immediately complied with Mr. Baptist's request, and they all went into the cottage.

"E ope you no fright," said Mrs. Plornish then, interpreting Mr. Pancks in a new way, with her usual fertility of resource. "What appen? Peaka Padrona!"

"I have seen some one," returned Baptist. "I have rinecontrato him."

"Im? Oo him?" asked Mrs. Plornish.

"A bad man. A baddest man. I have hoped that I should never see him again."

"Ow you know im bad?" asked Mrs. Plornish.

"It does not matter, Padrona. I know it too well."

"E see you?" asked Mrs. Plornish.

"No. I hope not. I believe not."

"He says," Mrs. Plornish then interpreted, addressing her father and Pancks with mild condescension, "that he has met a bad man, but he hopes the bad man didn't see him.—Why," enquired Mrs. Plornish, reverting to the Italian language, "why ope bad man no see?"

"Padrona, dearest," returned the little foreigner whom she so considerately protected, "do not ask, I pray. Once again, I say it matters not. I have fear of this man. I do not wish to see him, I do not wish to be known of him—never again! Enough, most beautiful. Leave it!"

The topic was so disagreeable to him, and so put his usual liveliness to the rout, that Mrs. Plornish forbore to press him further: the rather as the tea had been drawing for some time on the hob. But she was not the less surprised and curious for asking no more questions; neither was Mr. Pancks, whose expressive breathing had been laboring hard, since the entrance of the little man, like a locomotive engine with a great load getting up a steep incline. Maggy, now better dressed than of yore, though still faithful to the monstrous character of her cap, had been in the back-ground from the first with open mouth and eyes, which staring and gaping features were not diminished in breadth by the untimely suppression of the subject. However, no more was said about it, though much appeared to be thought on all sides: by no means excepting the two young Plornishes, who partook of the evening meal as if their eating the bread and butter were rendered almost superfluous by the painful probability of the worst of men shortly presenting himself for the purpose of eating them. Mr. Baptist, by

degrees, began to chirp a little; but never stirred from the seat he had taken behind the door and close to the window, though it was not his usual place. As often as the little bell rang, he started and peeped out secretly, with the end of the little curtain in his hand, and the rest before his face; evidently not at all satisfied but that the man he dreaded had tracked him through all his doublings and turnings, with the certainty of a terrible bloodhound.

The entrance, at various times, of two or three customers and of Mr. Plornish, gave Mr. Baptist just enough of this employment to keep the attention of the company fixed upon him. Tea was over, and the children were abed, and Mrs. Plornish was feeling her way to the dutiful proposal that her father should favor them with Chloe, when the bell again rang, and Mr. Clennam came in.

Clennam had been poring late over his books and letters; for, the waiting-rooms of the Circumlocution Office ravaged his time sorely. Over and above that, he was depressed and made uneasy by the late occurrence at his mother's. He looked worn and solitary. He felt so, too; but, nevertheless, was returning home from his counting-house by that end of the Yard, to give them the intelligence that he had received another letter from Miss Dorrit.

The news made a sensation in the cottage which drew off the general attention from Mr. Baptist. Maggy, who pushed her way into the foreground immediately, would have seemed to draw in the tidings of her Little Mother, equally at her ears, nose, mouth, and eyes, but that the last were obstructed by tears. She was particularly delighted when Clennam assured her that there were hospitals, and very kindly conducted hospitals, in Rome. Mr. Pancks rose into new distinction in virtue of being specially remembered in the letter. Everybody was pleased and interested, and Clennam was well repaid for his trouble.

"But you are tired, sir. Let me make you a cup of tea," said Mrs. Plornish, "if you'd condescend to take such a thing in the cottage; and many thanks to you, too, I am sure, for bearing us in mind so kindly."

Mr. Plornish deeming it incumbent on him, as host, to add his personal acknowledgments, tendered them in the form which always expressed his highest ideal of a combination of ceremony with sincerity.

"John Edward Nandy," said Mr. Plornish, addressing the old gentleman. "Sir. It's not too often that you see unpretending actions without a spark of pride, and therefore when you see them give grateful honor unto the same, being that if you don't and live to want 'em it follows serve you right."

To which Mr. Nandy replied:

"I am heartily of your opinion, Thomas, and which your opinion is the same as mine, and therefore no more words and not being backwards with that opinion, which opinion giving it as yes, Thomas, yes, is the opinion in which yourself and me must ever be unanimously jined by all, and where there is not difference of opinion there can be none but one opinion, which fully no, Thomas, Thomas, no!"

Arthur, with less formality, expressed himself gratified by their high appreciation of so very slight an attention on his part; and explained

as to the tea that he had not yet dined, and was going straight home to refresh after a long day's labor, or he would have readily accepted the hospitable offer. As Mr. Pancks was somewhat noisily getting his steam up for departure, he concluded by asking that gentleman if he would walk with him? Mr. Pancks said he desired no better engagement, and the two took leave of Happy Cottage.

"If you will come home with me, Pancks," said Arthur, when they got into the street, "and will share what dinner or supper there is, it will be next door to an act of charity; for, I am weary and out of sorts to-night."

"Ask me to do a greater thing than that," said Pancks, "when you want it done, and I'll do it."

Between this eccentric personage and Clennam, a tacit understanding and accord had been always improving since Mr. Pancks flew over Mr. Rugg's back in the Marshalsea Yard. When the carriage drove away on the memorable day of the family's departure, these two had looked after it together, and had walked slowly away together. When the first letter came from Little Dorrit, nobody was more interested in hearing of her than Mr. Pancks. The second letter, at that moment in Clennam's breast-pocket, particularly remembered him by name. Though he had never before made any profession or protestation to Clennam, and though what he had just said was little enough as to the words in which it was expressed, Clennam had long had a growing belief that Mr. Pancks, in his own odd way, was becoming attached to him. All these strings intertwining, made Pancks a very cable of anchorage that night.

"I am quite alone," Arthur explained as they walked on. "My partner is away, busily engaged at a distance on his branch of our business, and you shall do just as you like."

"Thank you. You didn't take particular notice of little Altro just now; did you?" said Pancks.

"No. Why?"

"He's a bright fellow, and I like him," said Pancks. "Something has gone amiss with him to-day. Have you any idea of any cause that can have overset him?"

"You surprise me! None whatever."

Mr. Pancks gave his reasons for the enquiry. Arthur was quite unprepared for them, and quite unable to suggest an explanation of them.

"Perhaps you'll ask him," said Pancks, "as he's a stranger?"

"Ask him what?" returned Clennam.

"What he has on his mind."

"I ought first to see for myself that he has something on his mind, I think," said Clennam. "I have found him in every way so diligent, so grateful (for little enough), and so trustworthy, that it might look like suspecting him. And that would be very unjust."

"True," said Pancks. "But, I say! You oughtn't to be anybody's proprietor, Mr. Clennam. You're much too delicate."

"For the matter of that," returned Clennam laughing, "I have not a large proprietary share in Cavalletto. His carving is his livelihood. He keeps the keys of the Factory, watches it every

alternate night, and acts as a sort of housekeeper to it generally; but, we have little work in the way of his ingenuity, though we give him what we have. No! I am rather his adviser than his proprietor. To call me his standing counsel and his banker would be nearer the fact. Speaking of being his banker, is it not curious, Pancks, that the ventures which run just now in so many people's heads, should run even in little Cavalletto's?"

"Ventures?" retorted Pancks, with a snort. "What ventures?"

"These Merdle enterprises?"

"Oh! Investments," said Pancks. "Aye, aye! I didn't know you were speaking of investments."

His quick way of replying caused Clennam to look at him, with a doubt whether he meant more than he said. As it was accompanied, however, with a quickening of his pace and a corresponding increase in the laboring of his machinery, Arthur did not pursue the matter, and they soon arrived at his house.

A dinner of soup and a pigeon-pie, served on a little round table before the fire, and flavored with a bottle of good wine, oiled Mr. Pancks's works in a highly effective manner. So that when Clennam produced his Eastern pipe, and handed Mr. Pancks another Eastern pipe, the latter gentleman was perfectly comfortable.

They puffed for a while in silence, Mr. Pancks like a steam-vessel with wind, tide, calm water, and all other sea-going conditions, in her favor. He was the first to speak, and he spoke thus:

"Yes. Investments is the word."

Clennam, with his former look, said "Ah!"

"I am going back to it, you see," said Pancks.

"Yes. I see you are going back to it," returned Clennam, wondering why.

"Wasn't it a curious thing that they should run in little Altro's head? Eh?" said Pancks as he smoked. "Wasn't that how you put it?"

"That was what I said."

"Aye! But, think of the whole Yard having got it. Think of their all meeting me with it, on my collecting days, here and there and everywhere. Whether they pay, or whether they don't pay. Merdle, Merdle, Merdle. Always Merdle."

"Very strange how these runs on an infatuation prevail," said Arthur.

"An't it?" returned Pancks. After smoking for a minute or so, more dryly than comported with his recent oiling, he added: "Because you see these people don't understand the subject."

"Not a bit," assented Clennam.

"Not a bit," cried Pancks. "Know nothing of figures. Know nothing of money questions. Never made a calculation. Never worked it, sir!"

"If they had——" Clennam was going on to say; when Mr. Pancks, without change of countenance, produced a sound so far surpassing all his usual efforts, nasal or bronchial, that he stopped.

"If they had?" repeated Pancks in an enquiring tone.

"I thought you—spoke," said Arthur, hesitating what name to give the interruption.

"Not at all," said Pancks. "Not yet. I may in a minute. If they had?"

"If they had," observed Clennam, who was a little at a loss how to take his friend, "why, I suppose they would have known better."

"How so, Mr. Clennam?" Pancks asked, quickly, and with an odd effect of having been from the commencement of the conversation loaded with the heavy charge he now fired off. "They're right, you know. They don't mean to be, but they're right."

"Right in sharing Cavalletto's inclination to speculate with Mr. Merdle?"

"Per-fectly, sir," said Pancks. "I've gone into it. I've made the calculations. I've worked it. They're safe and genuine." Relieved by having got to this, Mr. Pancks took as long a pull as his lungs would permit at his Eastern pipe, and looked sagaciously and steadily at Clennam while inhaling and exhaling too.

In those moments, Mr. Pancks began to give out the dangerous infection with which he was laden. It is the manner of communicating these diseases; it is the subtle way in which they go about.

"Do you mean, my good Pancks," asked Clennam, emphatically, "that you would put that thousand pounds of yours, let us say, for instance, out at this kind of interest?"

"Certainly," said Pancks. "Already done it, sir."

Mr. Pancks took another long inhalation, another long exhalation, another long sagacious look at Clennam.

"I tell you, Mr. Clennam, I've gone into it," said Pancks. "He's a man of immense resources—enormous capital—government influence. They're the best schemes afloat. They're safe. They're certain."

"Well!" returned Clennam, looking first at him gravely, and then at the fire gravely. "You surprise me!"

"Bah!" Pancks retorted. "Don't say that, sir. It's what you ought to do yourself. Why don't you do as I do?"

Of whom Mr. Pancks had taken the prevalent disease, he could no more have told than if he had unconsciously taken a fever. Bred at first, as many physical diseases are, in the wickedness of men, and then disseminated in their ignorance, these epidemics, after a period, get communicated to many sufferers who are neither ignorant nor wicked. Mr. Pancks might, or might not, have caught the illness himself from a subject of this class; but, in this category he appeared before Clennam, and the infection he threw off was all the more virulent.

"And you have really invested," Clennam had already passed to that word, "your thousand pounds, Pancks?"

"To be sure, sir!" replied Pancks, boldly, with a puff of smoke. "And only wish it was ten!"

Now, Clennam had two subjects lying heavy on his lonely mind that night; the one, his partner's long-deferred hope; the other, what he had seen and heard at his mother's. In the relief of having this companion, and of feeling that he could trust him, he passed on to both,

and both brought him round again, with an increase and acceleration of force, to his point of departure.

It came about in the simplest manner. Quitting the investment subject, after an interval of silent looking at the fire through the smoke of his pipe, he told Pancks how and why he was occupied with the great national Department. "A hard case it has been, and a hard case it is, on Doyce," he finished by saying, with all the honest feeling the topic roused in him.

"Hard indeed," Pancks acquiesced. "But you manage for him, Mr. Clennam?"

"How do you mean?"

"Manage the money part of the business?"

"Yes. As well as I can."

"Manage it better, sir," said Pancks. "Recompense him for his toils and disappointments. Give him the chances of the time. He'll never benefit himself in that way, patient and pre-occupied workman. He looks to you, sir."

"I do my best, Pancks," returned Clennam, uneasily. "As to duly weighing and considering these new enterprises, of which I have had no experience, I doubt if I am fit for it. I am growing old."

"Growing old?" cried Pancks. "Ha, ha!"

There was something so indubitably genuine in the wonderful laugh, and series of snorts and puffs, engendered in Mr. Pancks's astonishment at, and utter rejection of, the idea, that his being quite in earnest could not be questioned.

"Growing old?" cried Pancks. "Hear, hear, hear! Old? Hear him, hear him!"

The positive refusal expressed in Mr. Pancks's continued snorts, no less than in these exclamations, to entertain the sentiment for a single instant, drove Arthur away from it. Indeed, he was fearful of something happening to Mr. Pancks, in the violent conflict that took place between the breath he jerked out of himself and the smoke he jerked into himself. This abandonment of the second topic threw him on the third.

"Young, old, or middle-aged, Pancks," he said, when there was a favorable pause, "I am in a very anxious and uncertain state; a state that even leads me to doubt whether anything now seeming to belong to me, may be really mine. Shall I tell you how this is? Shall I put a great trust in you?"

"You shall, sir," said Pancks, "if you believe me worthy of it."

"I do."

"You may!" Mr. Pancks's short and sharp rejoinder, confirmed by the sudden outstretching of his coaly hand, was most expressive and convincing. Arthur shook the hand warmly.

He then, softening the nature of his old apprehensions as much as was possible consistently with their being made intelligible, and never alluding to his mother by name, but speaking vaguely of a relation of his, confided to Mr. Pancks a broad outline of the misgivings he entertained, and of the interview he had witnessed. Mr. Pancks listened with such interest that, regardless of the charms of the Eastern pipe,

he put it in the grate among the fire-irons, and occupied his hands during the whole recital in so erecting the loops and hooks of hair all over his head, that he looked, when it came to a conclusion, like a journeyman Hamlet in conversation with his father's spirit.

"Brings me back, sir," was his exclamation then, with a startling touch on Clennam's knee, "brings me back, sir, to the Investments! I don't say anything of your making yourself poor, to repair a wrong you never committed. That's you. A man must be himself. But, I say this. Fearing you may want money to save your own blood from exposure and disgrace—make as much as you can!"

Arthur shook his head, but looked at him thoughtfully too.

"Be as rich as you can, sir," Pancks adjured him with a powerful concentration of all his energies on the advice. "Be as rich as you honestly can. It's your duty. Not for your sake, but for the sake of others. Take time by the forelock. Poor Mr. Doyce (who really *is* growing old) depends upon you. Your relative depends upon you. You don't know what depends upon you."

"Well, well, well!" returned Arthur. "Enough for to-night."

"One word more, Mr. Clennam," retorted Pancks, "and then enough for to-night. Why should you leave all the gains to the gluttons, knaves, and impostors? Why should you leave all the gains that are to be got, to my proprietor and the like of him? Yet you're always doing it. When I say you, I mean such men as you. You know you are. Why, I see it every day of my life. I see nothing else. It's my business to see it. Therefore I say," urged Pancks, "Go in and win!"

"But what of Go in and lose?" said Arthur.

"Can't be done, sir," returned Pancks. "I have looked into it. Name up, everywhere—immense resources—enormous capital—great position—high connexion—government influence. Can't be done!"

Gradually, after this closing exposition, Mr. Pancks subsided; allowed his hair to droop as much as it ever would droop on the utmost persuasion; reclaimed the pipe from the fire-irons, filled it anew, and smoked it out. They said little more; but were company to one another in silently pursuing the same subjects, and did not part until midnight. On taking his leave, Mr. Pancks, when he had shaken hands with Clennam, worked completely round him before he steamed out at the door. This, Arthur received as an assurance that he might implicitly rely on Pancks, if he should ever come to need assistance; either in any of the matters of which they had spoken that night, or on any other subject that could in any way affect himself.

At intervals all next day, and even while his attention was fixed on other things, he thought of Mr. Pancks's investment of his thousand pounds, and of his having "looked into it." He thought of Mr. Pancks's being so sanguine in this matter, and of his not being usually of a sanguine character. He thought of the great National Department, and of the delight it would be to him to see Doyce better off. He thought of the darkly threatening place that went by the name of Home in his remembrance, and of the gathering shadows which made it yet more darkly threatening than of old. He observed anew that

wherever he went, he saw, or heard, or touched, the celebrated name of Merdle; he found it difficult even to remain at his desk a couple of hours, without having it presented to one of his bodily senses through some agency or other. He began to think it was curious too that it should be everywhere, and that nobody but he should seem to have any mistrust of it. Though indeed he began to remember, when he got to this, even *he* did not mistrust it; he had only happened to keep aloof from it.

Such symptoms, when a disease of the kind is rife, are usually the signs of sickening.

CHAPTER XIV.

TAKING ADVICE.

WHEN it became known to the Britons on the shore of the yellow Tiber, that their intelligent compatriot Mr. Sparkler was made one of the Lords of their Circumlocution Office, they took it as a piece of news with which they had no nearer concern than with any other piece of news—any other Accident or Offence—in the English papers. Some laughed; some said, by way of complete excuse, that the post was virtually a sinecure, and any fool who could spell his name was good enough for it; some, and these were the more solemn political oracles, said that Decimus did wisely to strengthen himself, and that the sole constitutional purpose of all places within the gift of Decimus, was, that Decimus should strengthen himself. A few bilious Britons there were who would not subscribe to this article of faith; but their objection was purely theoretical. In a practical point of view, they listlessly abandoned the matter, as being the business of some other Britons unknown, somewhere, or nowhere. In like manner, at home, great numbers of Britons maintained, for as long as four and twenty consecutive hours, that those invisible and anonymous Britons “ought to take it up;” and that if they quietly acquiesced in it, they deserved it. But of what class the remiss Britons were composed, and where the unlucky creatures hid themselves, and why they hid themselves, and how it constantly happened that they neglected their interests, when so many other Britons were quite at a loss to account for their not looking after those interests, was not, either upon the shore of the yellow Tiber or the shore of the black Thames, made apparent to men.

Mrs. Merdle circulated the news, as she received congratulations on it, with a careless grace that displayed it to advantage, as the setting displays the jewel. Yes, she said, Edmund had taken the place. Mr. Merdle wished him to take it, and he had taken it. She hoped Edmund might like it, but really she didn’t know. It would keep him in town a good deal, and he preferred the country. Still, it was not a disagreeable position—and it was a position. There was no

denying that the thing was a compliment to Mr. Merdle, and was not a bad thing for Edmund if he liked it. It was just as well that he should have something to do, and it was just as well that he should have something for doing it. Whether it would be more agreeable to Edmund than the army, remained to be seen.

Thus the bosom; accomplished in the art of seeming to make things of small account, and really enhancing them in the process. While Henry Gowan, whom Deemus had thrown away, went through the whole round of his acquaintance between the Gate of the People and the town of Albano, vowing, almost (but not quite) with tears in his eyes, that Sparkler was the sweetest-tempered, simplest-hearted, altogether most loveable jackass that ever grazed on the publice common; and that only one circumstanee could have delighted him (Gowan) more, than his (the beloved jackass's) getting this post, and that would have been his (Gowan's) getting it himself. He said, it was the very thing for Sparkler. There was nothing to do, and he would do it charmingly; there was a handsome salary to draw, and he would draw it charmingly; it was a delightful, appropriate, capital appointment; and he almost forgave the donor his slight of himself, in his joy that the dear donkey for whom he had so great an affection was so admirably stabled. Nor did his benevolence stop here. He took pains, on all social occasions, to draw Mr. Sparkler out, and make him conspicuous before the company; and, although the considerate action always resulted in that young gentleman's making a dreary and forlorn mental spectaee of himself, the friendly intention was not to be doubted.

Unless, indeed, it chanced to be doubted by the object of Mr. Sparkler's affections. Miss Fanny was now in the difficult situation of being universally known in that light, and of not having dismissed Mr. Sparkler, however capriciously she used him. Hence, she was sufficiently identified with the gentleman to feel compromised by his being more than usually ridiculous; and hence, being by no means deficient in quickness, she sometimes came to his rescue against Gowan and did him very good service. But, while doing this, she was ashamed of him, undetermined whether to get rid of him or more decidedly encourage him, distracted with apprehensions that she was every day becoming more and more immeshed in her uncertainties, and tortured by misgivings that Mrs. Merdle triumphed in her distress. With this tumult in her mind, it is no subject for surprise that Miss Fanny came home one night in a state of agitation from a concert and ball at Mrs. Merdle's house, and, on her sister affectionately trying to soothe her, pushed that sister away from the toilette-table at which she sat angrily trying to cry, and declared with a heaving bosom that she detested everybody, and she wished she was dead.

“Dear Fanny, what is the matter? Tell me.”

“Matter, you little Mole,” said Fanny. “If you were not the blindest of the blind, you would have no occasion to ask me. The idea of daring to pretend to assert that you have eyes in your head, and yet ask me what's the matter!”

“Is it Mr. Sparkler, dear?”

“Mis-ter Spar-kler!” repeated Fanny, with unbounded scorn, as if

he were the last subject in the Solar system that could possibly be near her mind. "No, Miss Bat, it is not."

Immediately afterwards, she became remorseful for having called her sister names; declaring with sobs that she knew she made herself hateful, but that everybody drove her to it.

"I don't think you are well to-night, dear Fanny."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied the young lady, turning angry again; "I am as well as you are. Perhaps I might say, better, and yet make no boast of it."

Poor Little Dorrit, not seeing her way to the offering of any soothing words that would escape repudiation, deemed it best to remain quiet. At first, Fanny took this ill, too; protesting to her looking-glass, that of all the trying sisters a girl could have, she did think the most trying sister was a flat sister. That she knew she was at times a wretched temper; that she knew she made herself hateful; that when she made herself hateful, nothing would do her half the good of being told so; but that, being afflicted with a flat sister, she never *was* told so, and the consequence resulted that she was absolutely tempted and goaded into making herself disagreeable. Besides (she angrily told her looking-glass), she didn't want to be forgiven. It was not a right example, that she should be constantly stooping to be forgiven by a younger sister. And this was the Art of it—that she was always being placed in the position of being forgiven, whether she liked it or not. Finally she burst into violent weeping, and, when her sister came and sat close at her side to comfort her, said, "Amy, you're an Angel!"

"But, I tell you what, my Pet," said Fanny, when her sister's gentleness had calmed her, "it now comes to this; that things cannot and shall not go on as they are at present going on, and that there must be an end of this, one way or other."

As the announcement was vague, though very peremptory, Little Dorrit returned, "Let us talk about it."

"Quite so, my dear," assented Fanny, as she dried her eyes. "Let us talk about it. I am rational again now, and you shall advise me. Will you advise me, my sweet child?"

Even Amy smiled at the notion, but she said, "I will, Fanny, as well as I can."

"Thank you, dearest Amy," returned Fanny, kissing her. "You are my Anchor."

Having embraced her Anchor with great affection, Fanny took a bottle of sweet toilette water from the table, and called to her maid for a fine handkerchief. She then dismissed that attendant for the night, and went on to be advised; dabbing her eyes and forehead from time to time, to cool them.

"My love," Fanny began, "our characters and points of view are sufficiently different (kiss me again, my darling), to make it very probable that I shall surprise you by what I am going to say. What I am going to say, my dear, is, that notwithstanding our property, we labor, socially speaking, under disadvantages. You don't quite understand what I mean, Amy?"

"I have no doubt I shall," said Amy, mildly, "after a few words more."

"Well, my dear, what I mean, is, that we are, after all, new comers into fashionable life."

"I am sure, Fanny," Little Dorrit interposed in her zealous admiration, "no one need find that out in you."

"Well, my dear child, perhaps not," said Fanny, "though it's most kind and most affectionate in you, you precious girl, to say so." Here she dabbed her sister's forehead, and blew upon it a little. "But, you are," resumed Fanny, "as is well known, the dearest little thing that ever was! To resume, my child. Pa is extremely gentlemanly and extremely well informed, but he is, in some trifling respects, a little different from other gentlemen of his fortune: partly on account of what he has gone through, poor dear: partly, I fancy, on account of its often running in his mind that other people are thinking about that, while he is talking to them. Uncle, my love, is altogether unrepresentable. Though a dear creature to whom I am tenderly attached, he is, socially speaking, shocking. Edward is frightfully expensive and dissipated. I don't mean that there is anything ungenteel in that itself—far from it—but I do mean that he doesn't do it well, and that he doesn't, if I may so express myself, get the money's-worth in the sort of dissipated reputation that attaches to him."

"Poor Edward!" sighed Little Dorrit, with the whole family history in the sigh.

"Yes. And poor you and me too," returned Fanny, rather sharply. "Very true! Then, my dear, we have no mother, and we have a Mrs. General. And I tell you again, darling, that Mrs. General, if I may reverse a common proverb and adapt it to her, is a cat in gloves who *will* catch mice. That woman, I am quite sure and confident, will be our mother-in-law."

"I can hardly think, Fanny——" Fanny stopped her.

"Now, don't argue with me about it, Amy," said she, "because I know better." Feeling that she had been sharp again, she dabbed her sister's forehead again, and blew upon it again. "To resume once more, my dear. It then becomes a question with me (I am proud and spirited, Amy, as you very well know: too much so, I daresay) whether I shall make up my mind to take it upon myself to carry the family through."

"How?" asked her sister, anxiously.

"I will not," said Fanny, without answering the question, "submit to be mother-in-lawed by Mrs. General; and I will not submit to be, in any respect whatever, either patronised or tormented by Mrs. Merdle."

Little Dorrit laid her hand upon the hand that held the bottle of sweet water, with a still more anxious look. Fanny, quite punishing her own forehead with the vehement dabs she now began to give it, fitfully went on.

"That he has, somehow or other, and how is of no consequence, attained a very good position, no one can deny. That it is a very good connexion, no one can deny. And as to the question of clever or not clever, I doubt very much whether a clever husband would be suitable to me. I cannot submit. I should not be able to defer to him enough."

"O, my dear, Fanny!" expostulated Little Dorrit, upon whom a kind of terror had been stealing as she perceived what her sister meant. "If you loved any one, all this feeling would change. If you loved any one, you would no more be yourself, but you would quite lose and forget yourself in your devotion to him. If you loved him, Fanny——" Fanny had stopped the dabbing hand, and was looking at her fixedly.

"O, indeed!" cried Fanny. "Really? Bless me, how much some people know of some subjects! They say every one has a subject, and I certainly seem to have hit upon yours, Amy. There, you little thing, I was only in fun," dabbing her sister's forehead; "but, don't you be a silly puss, and don't you think flightily and eloquently about degenerate impossibilities. There! Now, I'll go back to myself."

"Dear Fanny, let me say first, that I would far rather we worked for a scanty living again, than I would see you rich and married to Mr. Sparkler."

"*Let you say, my dear?*" retorted Fanny. "Why, of course, I will *let* you say anything. There is no constraint upon you, I hope. We are together to talk it over. And as to marrying Mr. Sparkler, I have not the least intention of doing so to-night, my dear, or to-morrow morning either."

"But at some time?"

"At no time, for anything I know at present," answered Fanny, with indifference. Then, suddenly changing her indifference into a burning restlessness, she added, "You talk about the clever men, you little thing! It's all very fine and easy to talk about the clever men; but where are they? I don't see them anywhere near *me*!"

"My dear Fanny, so short a time——"

"Short time or long time," interrupted Fanny, "I am impatient of our situation, I don't like our situation, and very little would induce me to change it. Other girls, differently reared and differently circumstanced altogether, might wonder at what I say or may do. Let them. They are driven by their lives and characters; I am driven by mine."

"Fanny, my dear Fanny, you know that you have qualities to make you the wife of one very superior to Mr. Sparkler."

"Amy, my dear Amy," retorted Fanny, parodying her words, "I know that I wish to have a more defined and distinct position, in which I can assert myself with greater effect against that insolent woman."

"Would you therefore—forgive my asking, Fanny—therefore marry her son?"

"Why, perhaps," said Fanny, with a triumphant smile. "There may be many less promising ways of arriving at an end than that, my dear. That piece of insolence may think, now, that it would be a great success to get her son off upon me, and shelve me. But, perhaps she little thinks how I would retort upon her if I married her son. I would oppose her in everything, and compete with her. I would make it the business of my life."

Fanny set down the bottle when she came to this, and walked about the room; always stopping and standing still while she spoke.

"One thing I could certainly do, my child: I could make her older. And I would!"

This was followed by another walk.

"I would talk of her as an old woman. I would pretend to know—if I didn't, but I should from her son—all about her age. And she should hear me say, Amy: affectionately, quite dutifully and affectionately: how well she looked, considering her time of life. I could make her seem older, at once, by being myself so much younger. I may not be as handsome as she is; I am not a fair judge of that question, I suppose; but, I know I am handsome enough to be a thorn in her side. And I would be!"

"My dear sister, would you condemn yourself to an unhappy life for this?"

"It wouldn't be an unhappy life, Amy. It would be the life I am fitted for. Whether by disposition, or whether by circumstances, is no matter; I am better fitted for such a life than for almost any other."

There was something of a desolate tone in those words; but, with a short proud laugh she took another walk, and after passing a great looking-glass came to another stop.

"Figure! Figure, Amy! Well. The woman has a good figure. I will give her her due, and not deny it. But, is it so far beyond all others that it is altogether unapproachable? Upon my word, I am not so sure of it. Give some much younger women the latitude as to dress that she has, being married; and we would see about that, my dear!"

Something in the thought that was agreeable and flattering, brought her back to her seat in a gayer temper. She took her sister's hands in hers, and clapped all four hands above her head as she looked in her sister's face laughing:

"And the dancer, Amy, that she has quite forgotten—the dancer who bore no sort of resemblance to me, and of whom I never remind her, oh dear no!—should dance through her life, and dance in her way, to such a tune as would disturb her insolent placidity a little. Just a little, my dear Amy, just a little!"

Meeting an earnest and imploring look in Amy's face, she brought the four hands down, and laid only one on Amy's lips.

"Now, don't argue with me, child," she said in a sterner way, "because it is of no use. I understand these subjects much better than you do. I have not nearly made up my mind, but it may be. Now we have talked this over comfortably, and may go to bed. You best and dearest little mouse, Good Night!" With those words Fanny weighed her Anchor, and—having taken so much advice—left off being advised for that occasion.

Thenceforward, Amy observed Mr. Sparkler's treatment by his enslaver, with new reasons for attaching importance to all that passed between them. There were times when Fanny appeared quite unable to endure his mental feebleness, and when she became so sharply impatient of it that she would all but dismiss him for good. There were other times when she got on much better with him; when he amused her, and when her sense of superiority seemed to counter-balance that opposite side of the scale. If Mr. Sparkler had been

other than the faithfulest and most submissive of swains, he was sufficiently hard pressed to have fled from the scene of his trials, and have set at least the whole distance from Rome to London between himself and his enchantress. But, he had no greater will of his own than a boat has when it is towed by a steam-ship; and he followed his cruel mistress through rough and smooth, on equally strong compulsion.

Mrs. Merdle, during these passages, said little to Fanny, but said more about her. She was, as it were, forced to look at her, through her eye-glass, and in general conversation to allow commendations of her beauty to be wrung from her by its irresistible demands. The defiant character it assumed when Fanny heard these extollings (as it generally happened that she did), was not expressive of concessions to the impartial bosom; but, the utmost revenge the bosom took was, to say audibly, “a spoilt beauty—but with that face and shape, who could wonder?”

It might have been about a month or six weeks after the night of the advice, when Little Dorrit began to think she detected some new understanding between Mr. Sparkler and Fanny. Mr. Sparkler, as if in adherence to some compact, scarcely ever spoke without first looking towards Fanny, for leave. That young lady was too discreet ever to look back again: but, if Mr. Sparkler had permission to speak, she remained silent; if he had not, she herself spoke. Moreover, it became plain whenever Henry Gowan attempted to perform the friendly office of drawing him out, that he was not to be drawn. And not only that, but Fanny would presently, without any pointed application in the world, chance to say something with such a sting in it, that Gowan would draw back as if he had put his hand into a bee-hive.

There was yet another circumstance which went a long way to confirm Little Dorrit in her fears, though it was not a great circumstance in itself. Mr. Sparkler's demeanour towards herself, changed. It became fraternal. Sometimes, when she was in the outer circle of assemblies—at their own residence, at Mrs. Merdle's, or elsewhere—she would find herself stealthily supported round the waist by Mr. Sparkler's arm. Mr. Sparkler never offered the slightest explanation of this attention; but merely smiled with an air of blundering, contented, good-natured proprietorship, which, in so heavy a gentleman, was ominously expressive.

Little Dorrit was at home one day, thinking about Fanny with a heavy heart. They had a room at one end of their drawing-room suite, nearly all irregular bay-window, projecting over the street, and commanding all the picturesque life and variety of the Corso, both up and down. At three or four o'clock in the afternoon, English time, the view from this window was very bright and peculiar; and Little Dorrit used to sit and muse here, much as she had been used to wile away the time in her balcony at Venice. Seated thus one day, she was softly touched on the shoulder, and Fanny said, “Well, Amy dear,” and took her seat at her side. Their seat was a part of the window; when there was anything in the way of a procession going on, they used to have bright draperies hung out at the window, and used to

kneel or sit on this seat and look out at it, leaning on the brilliant color. But there was no procession that day, and Little Dorrit was rather surprised by Fanny's being at home at that hour, as she was generally out on horseback then.

"Well, Amy," said Fanny, "what are you thinking of, little one?"

"I was thinking of you, Fanny."

"No? What a coincidence! I declare here's some one else. You were not thinking of this some one else too; were you, Amy?"

Amy had been thinking of this some one else too; for, it was Mr. Sparkler. She did not say so, however, as she gave him her hand. Mr. Sparkler came and sat down on the other side of her, and she felt the fraternal railing come behind her, and apparently stretch on to include Fanny.

"Well, my little sister," said Fanny, with a sigh, "I suppose you know what this means?"

"She's as beautiful as she's doated on," stammered Mr. Sparkler—"and there's no nonsense about her—it's arranged——"

"You needn't explain, Edmund," said Fanny.

"No, my love," said Mr. Sparkler.

"In short, pet," proceeded Fanny, "on the whole, we are engaged. We must tell papa about it, either to-night or to-morrow, according to the opportunities. Then it's done, and very little more need be said."

"My dear Fanny," said Mr. Sparkler, with deference, "I should like to say a word to Amy."

"Well, well! Say it, for goodness sake," returned the young lady.

"I am convinced, my dear Amy," said Mr. Sparkler, "that if ever there was a girl, next to your highly-endowed and beautiful sister, who had no nonsense about her——"

"We know all about that, Edmund," interposed Miss Fanny. "Never mind that. Pray go on to something else besides our having no nonsense about us."

"Yes, my love," said Mr. Sparkler. "And I assure you, Amy, that nothing can be a greater happiness to myself, myself—next to the happiness of being so highly honored with the choice of a glorious girl who hasn't an atom of——"

"Pray, Edmund, pray!" interrupted Fanny, with a slight pat of her pretty foot upon the floor.

"My love, you're quite right," said Mr. Sparkler, "and I know I have a habit of it. What I wished to declare was, that nothing can be a greater happiness to myself, myself—next to the happiness of being united to pre-eminently the most glorious of girls—than to have the happiness of cultivating the affectionate acquaintance of Amy. I may not myself," said Mr. Sparkler manfully, "be up to the mark on some other subjects at a short notice, and I am aware that if you were to poll Society the general opinion would be that I am not; but on the subject of Amy, I AM up to the mark!"

Mr. Sparkler kissed her, in witness thereof.

"A knife and fork and an apartment," proceeded Mr. Sparkler,

growing, in comparison with his oratorical antecedents, quite diffuse, "will ever be at Amy's disposal. My Governor, I am sure, will always be proud to entertain one whom I so much esteem. And regarding my mother," said Mr. Sparkler, "who is a remarkably fine woman, with—"

"Edmund, Edmund!" cried Miss Fanny, as before.

"With submission, my soul," pleaded Mr. Sparkler. "I know I have a habit of it, and I thank you very much, my adorable girl, for taking the trouble to correct it; but my mother is admitted on all sides to be a remarkably fine woman, and she really hasn't any."

"That may be, or may not be," returned Fanny, "but pray don't mention it any more."

"I will not, my love," said Mr. Sparkler.

"Then in fact you have nothing more to say, Edmund; have you?" enquired Fanny.

"So far from it, my adorable girl," answered Mr. Sparkler, "I apologise for having said so much."

Mr. Sparkler perceived, by a kind of inspiration, that the question implied had he not better go? He therefore withdrew the fraternal railing, and neatly said that he thought he would, with submission, take his leave. He did not go without being congratulated by Amy, as well as she could discharge that office in the flutter and distress of her spirits.

When he was gone, she said, "O, Fanny, Fanny!" and turned to her sister in the bright window, and fell upon her bosom and cried there. Fanny laughed at first; but soon laid her face against her sister's and cried too—a little. It was the last time Fanny ever showed that there was any hidden, suppressed, or conquered feeling in her on that matter. From that hour, the way she had chosen lay before her, and she trod it with her own imperious self-willed step.

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT BROWN



COD LIVER OIL,

PREPARED IN THE LOFFODEN ISLES, NORWAY:

AND PUT TO THE
TEST OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS,

BY DR. DE JONGH,
OF THE HAGUE,

KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM,

Late Medical Officer of the Dutch Army, Corresponding Member of the "Société Medico-Pratique" of Paris, author of a treatise entitled "Disquisitio comparativa chemico-medica de tribus olei jecoris aselli speciebus" (Utrecht, 1843), and of a work entitled "L'Huile de Foie de morue envisagée sous tous les rapports comme moyen thérapeutique" (Paris, 1853); etc., etc.,

Administered with speedy and marked success in the treatment of
CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, DIABETES,
DISEASES OF THE SKIN, NEURALGIA,
RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, GENERAL DEBILITY,
AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

DR. DE JONGH, an eminent Dutch physician, has, as is well known, devoted himself for upwards of sixteen years to a series of scientific researches into the nature and properties of Cod Liver Oil. His works, recording these investigations, have been translated into most of the European languages; by universal admission, they are regarded by the Faculty as the standard authority upon the subject; and in addition to the spontaneous approval and highly flattering testimonials from some of the most distinguished medical men and scientific chemists in Europe, they have been rewarded by his Majesty LEOPOLD I., the King of the Belgians, conferring the dignity of a Knight of the Order of Leopold, and the large Gold Medal of Merit, and by his Majesty WILLIAM II., the King of the Netherlands, with a Silver Medal specially struck for the purpose.

DR. DE JONGH's elaborate chemical investigations and therapeutical experiments with the several kinds of Cod Liver Oil, have demonstrated the superior efficacy of this pure Light Brown Oil, which effects a cure, relieves symptoms, and alleviates suffering in a much shorter time than the Pale Oil; iodine, phosphate of lime, volatile acid, and the elements of the bile—imparting the colour to the Oil, and deemed amongst its most active and essential principles—being invariably present in larger quantities than in the Pale Oils manufactured in Great Britain and Newfoundland, which, by their mode of preparation, are in a great measure deprived of these active properties.

DISTINCTIVE PECULIARITIES AND SUPERIORITY OF DR. DE JONGH'S OIL.

It is genuine and pure Cod Liver Oil, containing all the active and essential medicinal properties that therapeutic experience has found to be most effective in the operation of the remedy, being prepared with the greatest care solely from that species of cod-fish which yields these in the largest quantity, and by a process which secures their presence in the proper and fullest proportion.

Being invariably submitted to skilful and scrupulous chemical analysis by DR. DE JONGH, its genuineness, purity, and uniform strength are ascertained and guaranteed; and, as far as possible, a certain, regular, and uniform result may be anticipated, when it is administered to the same patient, or in similar diseases or circumstances.

In taste and odour it is not disagreeable or repulsive; it is easily taken; creates no nausea or after-taste; is borne with facility, and not rejected by the stomach; does not irritate or disturb the organs, but improves the functions of digestion and assimilation; neither does it produce any constitutional derangement. Its use may therefore be continued for a long period, and without interruption, in those critical, obstinate, and serious cases where continuous perseverance is absolutely essential, and until the desired object is accomplished.

Its medicinal properties are found, in practice, to be infinitely greater than those of the ordinary Cod Liver Oil, the same quantity going three times as far, and effecting a cure or beneficial results in a much shorter period; in many instances affording immediate mitigation of symptoms, and arresting disease, or restoring health, where other Oil had been long and copiously administered without any benefit.

In actual price it is not higher, nor in use so expensive as any Oil sold as genuine by respectable chemists; whilst its active properties, more rapid effects, the smaller doses required, and its uniform purity and certainty of operation, render it far preferable and more really economical than that which is offered at the lowest price. This latter consideration is particularly worthy the attention of all who, from motives of apparent cheapness, may be induced inadvertently to recommend or purchase an inferior or spurious preparation.

Besides the means taken to ensure genuineness and superiority previous to exposure for sale, further to guard against subsequent admixture or adulteration,—

 This Oil is sold only in bottles; each bottle being sealed with a stamped metallic capsule, and bearing beneath the pink outside wrapper a label with DR. DE JONGH's stamp and signature, fac-similes of which are subjoined.

WITHOUT THESE NONE ARE GENUINE.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE ACCOMPANY EACH BOTTLE.

CAUTION.

Dr. de Jongh's Agents extremely regret that information they have received compels them solicitously to caution all purchasers against unprincipled attempts frequently made, when this Oil is applied for, in various unfair ways to disparage its value, and to recommend or substitute an inferior Brown or Light Brown Oil, described as Norwegian, as "imported fresh from Norway," or as of the same kind and of equal purity and fine quality as Dr. de Jongh's. Extensive use and general preference for many years on the Continent, and equally favourable results since the introduction of this Oil into this country, having materially diminished the demand for the Pale or Yellow variety, ordinary

Brown Fish Oils, prepared solely for manufacturing or household purposes, can be and are very profitably offered and supplied at a low rate of charge, although their total unfitness for medical use not only leads to serious disappointment or injury, but tends to detract from the high and general reputation of a remedy, when genuine, of acknowledged and inestimable value. Where this discreditable course is pursued, purchasers are earnestly requested to resort to another establishment, or to apply directly to Dr. de Jongh's Agents in London.



Dr. de Jongh

SOLD, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY
ANSAR, HARFORD, & Co., 77, STRAND, LONDON,

DR. DE JONGH's sole accredited Consignees and Agents for the United Kingdom and the British Possessions; and by many respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the United Kingdom. Half-pints (10 ounces), 2s. 6d. Pints (20 ounces), 4s. 9d. Quarts (40 ounces), 9s.

IMPERIAL MEASURE.

TESTIMONIAL DOCUMENTS.

THE following are selected from some of the leading Testimonials in commendation of DR. DE JONGH's Light Brown Brown Cod Liver Oil:—

THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR OF HOLLAND.

"I have the honour of bringing to your knowledge that it has pleased the King to grant you, by his decree of the 20th January, 1848, No. 101, a silver medal with an appropriate honorary inscription, as a testimony of His Majesty's high approbation of your efforts in securing to this country a supply of the most efficacious Cod Liver Oil from Norway. I have given the necessary orders for the execution of this medal.

"To Dr. de Jongh, at the Hague."

"The Hague, Feb. 1, 1848.

"The Minister of the Interior,

(Signed) "VAN DER HEIM,

THE INTENDANT OF THE CIVIL LIST OF BELGIUM.

"Sir.—The King has charged me to return you his very particular thanks for the homage done to him, by the presentation of your most valuable researches concerning the Cod Liver Oil. As an expression of his utmost satisfaction, His Majesty has given me the order of presenting you with the accompanying large gold medal.

"Brussels, Oct. 6, 1847.

"I remain, with the highest regard, &c.

"To Dr. de Jongh, at the Hague."

"The Intendant of the Civil List,

(Signed) "CONWE.

THE ROYAL SANITARY POLICE OF PRUSSIA.

"In answer to your letter of the 2nd ult., requesting permission to sell DR. DE JONGH's Cod Liver Oil in bottles, accompanied by his stamp and signature, the Royal Police of Prussia (Königlich-Polizei-Präsidium) has the honour of informing you that it has caused the Oil to be submitted to an official investigation, and that the result of such investigation has proved it to be not only the genuine Cod Liver Oil, but, still further, that it is of a kind which distinguishes itself from the Cod Liver Oil in ordinary use, alike by its taste and chemical composition. Considering, moreover, that it has come to their knowledge that physicians generally recommend the use of DR. DE JONGH's Oil in preference to the Cod Liver Oil in ordinary use, the Royal Police accedes to your request.

"Berlin, Jan. 23, 1851.

"To A. M. Blume, Chemist, Berlin."

"KÖNIGLICHES POLIZEI-PRAESIDIUM,

"1^o Abtheilung.

The late JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.L.S.,

Professor at the University of London, Author of "THE ELEMENTS OF MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS," &c., &c.

"My dear Sir,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the Purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request, by giving you my opinion of the quality of the Oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The Oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that for medicinal purposes no finer Oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,

(Signed)

"JONATHAN PEREIRA,

"To Dr. de Jongh."

"Finsbury Square, London April 16, 1851.

ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, ESQ., M.D., F.L.S.

Member of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician to the Royal Free Hospital, Chief Analyst of the Sanitary Commission of the "Lancet," Author of "FOOD, AND ITS ADULTERATIONS," &c., &c.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to return my acknowledgments for the copy of your Work on Cod Liver Oil, with which you have favoured me. I was already acquainted with it, and had perused it sometime previously with considerable gratification, especially the chapter devoted to the consideration of the adulteration of Cod Liver Oil.

"I have paid, as you are aware, much attention to the subject of the adulteration of drugs. Amongst the articles examined, I have not overlooked one so important as Cod Liver Oil; and this more particularly, since it is a very favourite remedy with me, and is, moreover, so liable to deterioration by admixture with other, especially inferior, Fish Oils. I may state that I have more than once, at different times, subjected your Light Brown Oil to chemical analysis—and this unknown to myself—and I have always found it to be free from all impurity, and rich in the constituents of bile.

"So great is my confidence in the article, that I usually prescribe it in preference to any other, in order to make sure of obtaining the remedy in its purest and best condition.—I remain, yours faithfully,

"To Dr. de Jongh, the Hague."

(Signed) "ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D.

"Bennett Street, St. James's Street, Dec. 1, 1854.

Dr. LETHEBY,

Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in the Medical College of the London Hospital, Chemical Referee to the Corporation of London, Medical Officer of Health to the City of London, &c., &c.

"Gentlemen,—I have frequently had occasion to analyse the Cod Liver Oil which is sold at your establishment. I mean that variety which is prepared for medicinal use in the Lofoten Isles, Norway, and sent into commerce with the sanction of DR. DE JONGH, of the Hague.

"In all cases I have found it possessing the same set of properties, among which the presence of cholic compounds and of iodine in a state of organic combination are the most remarkable; in fact, the Oil corresponds in all its characters with that named 'Huile brune,' and described as the best variety in the masterly treatise of DR. DE JONGH.

"It is, I believe, universally acknowledged that this description of Oil has great therapeutical power; and, from my investigations, I have no doubt of its being a pure and unadulterated article.

(Signed)

"HENRY LETHEBY, M.B.

"To Messrs. Ansar, Harford, and Co."

"College Laboratory, London Hospital, Sept. 24, 1855.

EXTRACTS FROM SELECT MEDICAL AND SCIENTIFIC OPINIONS.

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A.
Founder and Principal of the Royal College of Chemistry, Liverpool, Membre de l'Academie Nationale de France, Author of "CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO THE ARTS AND MANUFACTURES," &c., &c.

"Berzelius, and other of the leading Chemists and Physicians of Europe, having testimonialised in favour of your Oil, is a proof of its superiority over all the other kinds that are vended. I have submitted the Oil to the usual tests; and, finding it to contain all the ingredients enumerated by you in your work, I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing it a genuine article, and one that is fully entitled to the confidence of the Medical Profession."

William Allen Miller, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
Professor of Chemistry, King's College, London, Author of "ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL," &c., &c.

"The samples of the Oil examined were purchased by myself. I have no doubt that they are what they profess to be—genuine specimens of Cod Liver Oil, as they possess the composition of this substance, and exhibit, in a marked degree, the chemical characters by which this Oil is distinguished, and to which its medicinal qualities are attributed."

A. B. Granville, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
Author of "THE SPAS OF GERMANY," "THE SPAS OF ENGLAND," "ON SUDDEN DEATH," &c., &c.

"Dr. Granville has used Dr. DE JONCH's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil extensively in his practice, and has found it not only efficacious, but uniform in its qualities: He has found that this particular kind produces the desired effect in a shorter time than others, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Newfoundland Oils."

G. Radclyffe Hall, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.E.
Physician to the Western Counties Hospital for Consumption, Torquay, Author of "ESSAY ON THE BRONCHIAL TUBES," &c., &c.

"I have no hesitation in saying that I generally prefer your Cod Liver Oil for the following reasons:—I have found it to agree better with the digestive organs, especially in those patients who consider themselves to be bilious; it seldom causes nausea or eructation; it is more palatable to most patients than the other kinds of Cod Liver Oil; it is stronger, and consequently a smaller dose is sufficient."

Charles Cowan, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.S.E.
Senior Physician to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Consulting Physician to the Reading Dispensary, Translator of "LOUIS OF PHthisis," &c., &c.

"Dr. Cowan is glad to find that the Profession has some reasonable guarantee for a genuine article. The material now sold varies in almost every establishment where it is purchased, and a tendency to prefer a colourless and tasteless Oil, if not counteracted, will ultimately jeopardise the reputation of an unquestionably valuable addition to the Materia Medica. Dr. Cowan wishes Dr. DE JONCH every success in his meritorious undertaking."

Edgar Sheppard, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S.
Translator of "GIBERT ON DISEASES OF THE SKIN," "BECQUEREL AND RODIER'S RESEARCHES ON THE BLOOD," &c., &c.

"Dr. Sheppard has made extensive use of Dr. DE JONCH's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, and has great pleasure in testifying to its superiority over every other preparation to be met with in this country. It has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils. Dr. Sheppard has no hesitation in stating that he believes an Imperial Pint of Dr. DE JONCH's Light-Brown Oil to be of more value than an Imperial Quart of any other to be met with in London."

Thomas Hunt, Esq., F.R.C.S.

Surgeon to the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin, Author of "PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON CERTAIN DISEASES OF THE SKIN GENERALLY PRONOUNCED INTRACTABLE," &c., &c.

"I have now prescribed Dr. DE JONCH's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil in about one hundred and twenty cases of skin disease. It is but justice to him to say that the success attending its use in dispensary practice fully satisfies me that he has not exaggerated its value. In emaciated or strumous subjects this Oil is highly useful."

Richard Moore Lawrence, Esq., M.D.
Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha, Physician to the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Eye, Author of "ON GOUT AND RHEUMATISM," &c., &c.

"I have frequently tested your Cod Liver Oil; and, so impressed am I with its superiority, that I invariably prescribe it in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

William Bayes, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.P.
Physician to the Brighton Dispensary, Author of "ON NERVOUS DISEASE CONNECTED WITH DYSPEPSIA," &c., &c.

"I have for many months been in the habit of ordering no other than your Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, which appears to me to possess many advantages over the other descriptions of Oil, in its being of one invariable strength, in being more palatable, and in its greater efficacy. I seldom order a larger dose than a Dessert-spoonful, and consider that a Tea-spoonful is equal in its effects to a Table-spoonful of the Pale Oil."

The Lancet.

"Some of the deficiencies of the Pale Oil are attributable to the method of its preparation, and especially to its filtration through charcoal. In the fully concurred. We have carefully tested a specimen of Dr. DE JONCH's Light-brown Cod Liver Oil. We find it to be genuine, and rich in iodine and the elements of life."

Medical Circular.

"Much of the Pale Oil sold in the market is found to be nothing more than Skate Oil—a fact which will account for the failures which have so frequently attended the use of the so-called Cod Liver Oil. The utmost reliance may be placed on the experimental researches of DR. DE JONCH, who is one of the most eminent of European chemists. Our own experience practically confirms his judgment, and we unhesitatingly recommend Dr. DE JONCH's Light Brown Oil as the best for medical purposes, and well deserving the confidence of the profession."

Association Medical Journal.

"No man has given so much attention to the analysis of Cod Liver Oil as DR. DE JONCH. He has now undertaken himself to ensure a constant supply of the most powerful and genuine Cod Liver Oil for medicinal purposes. Such an undertaking appears on the face of it to have a strong claim on the encouragement of the profession, who are certainly much interested in obtaining a purer article than those which are now so marvellously cheap in the market."

The Dublin Medical Press.

"Whatever scepticism may exist respecting the medicinal virtues of this remedy, no doubt can reasonably be entertained that this specimen [Dr. DE JONCH's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil] possesses them; and this it is of importance to establish at a time when much impure and adulterated Oil is offered for sale, and freely accepted by practitioners as sufficient for the purposes of routine practice."

"STAMPED IN NATURE'S MOULD."

NEW ERA IN ART.

Now Publishing,

Photographic Art Treasures

(NATURE & ART illustrated by ART & NATURE.)

A Miscellaneous Selection of Subjects, Engraved by the PHOTO-GALVANO-RAPHIIC COMPANY's Patent Process, from Choice Photographic and other originals, by the most Eminent Artists and Photographers.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

YORK MINSTER. By R. Fenton.
CEDARS, Monmouthshire. By Roger Fenton.
RAGLAN CASTLE, The Porch. By R. Fenton.
RAGLAN CASTLE, The Watergato. By Roger Fenton.

PART II.

DON QUIXOTE IN HIS STUDY. By William Lake Price.
CRIMEAN BRAVES. By W. Howlett.
LYNMOUTH, DEVON. By Lebbin Colls.
HAMPTON COURT, ON THE THAMES. By R. Fenton.

CONDITIONS OF PUBLICATION.

The Plates will be printed on Half Imperial Paper, published in Monthly parts, Four Plates in each, with Wrapper.

| | | | | |
|------------------------------------|---|----|---|------------|
| CHOICE PROOFS (100 Copies printed) | - | 10 | 6 | each Part. |
| PROOFS (India) | - | 7 | 6 | " |
| PRINTS | - | 5 | 0 | " |

Separate Plates on India will be charged 2s. 6d. each.

To secure Fine Impressions, Early Application is requisite.

LETTS, SON & Co., Printers and Stationers, 8, Royal Exchange.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART TREASURES.

In Preparation.

THE FISHERMAN—A Drink after a Bite. By H. B. Lee.
THE CRIMEAN CONVALESCENT. By W. Howlett.
RIVAUX ABBEY, Yorkshire.
FOUNTAINS ABBEY, Yorkshire.
ART AND ARMS—Crimean Portraits.
GIRLISH MEDITATION.
RICHMOND, on Thames. By R. F. Barnes.
THE HORSE GUARDS, Whitehall. By R. F. Barnes.

TINTERN ABBEY—The Cloisters.
WINDSOR CASTLE—Entrance. By R. F. Barnes.
OLD MOTHER GOOSE. By O. G. Reilander.
BARNABY HAPPY. By O. G. Reilander.
IN SMOOTH WATER. By Reilander.
REDBROOK, on the Wye. By Fenton.
GREAT TOWER, Fountains Abbey.
YORK, from Lendall Ferry.
CATTLE. After Sydney Cooper.
COURTING—Signing and Sealing.

And Numerous others.

The Cathedral Antiquities of the British Empire.

The Company will shortly issue Preliminary Proposals for Publishing, from exquisite Photographic Originals, "THE CATHEDRAL ANTIQUITIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE." The Plates to be Engraved by the Company's Patent Process, on a scale of magnificence hitherto unattempted, and indeed impossible by the ordinary methods of Engraving.

Also,

GREAT REMAINS OF OLD ABBEYS, EXISTING IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The Company have arranged for the Publication of the charming Series Views illustrating

BOBRON ABBEY,

AND THE

ADMIRED AND PICTURESQUE SCENERY IN ITS VICINITY.

Photographed from Nature by ROGER FENTON.

The Series will consist of Ten Subjects of the most surpassing loveliness. Published in Cloth Cover, Lettered.

Prints, £2 2s. Proofs, £3 3s. Choice Proofs, £5 5s. the set.

SPECIMENS FORWARDED.

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR ENGRAVING ANY DESCRIPTION
OF SUBJECT BY THE COMPANY'S PROCESS.

LETTS, SON & Co., Printers and Stationers, 8, Royal Exchange.

FORM OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any Separate Part may be Subscribed for, and the Order will meet with attention.

LETTS'S DIARIES, &c.—CONTINUED.

BRITISH TARIFF, in Alphabetical arrangement, with Extracts from Acts relating thereto, as adopted at the Custom House. Price 6d.

SERMON REGISTER, containing an Index for alphabetically arranging the subjects of Discourse, Text, Number, Where Price 1s. Price 10s. *fd.*

SERMON BOOKS prepared for the above, per 3 dozen 7s. 6d.

SERMON CASES to hold the 3 dozen Sermon Books, 3s. 6d.

SERMON PAPER, Ruled with Blue Lines, per quarter Ream, 3s. 6d.; unruled, 3s.

COVERS for Do. ruled and printed, per hundred, 4s.

An entire Set of the above, viz., the Sermon Register, a Sermon Case, and a Box, containing 3 Dozen Books, as above described, done up as a PRESENT FOR A YOUNG CLERGYMAN on taking orders. The best No. 1, £2: 17s.; next No. 2, £2: 2s. 6d. cheapest, No. 3, £1: 4s.

CHURCH REGISTER, of PREACHERS. READERS, COLLECTIONS, &c. Quarto, Cloth, 10s.; Roan, 12s.; Calf, 15s. Morocco or Russia, 21s.

PREACHER'S REGISTER. Calf, 25s., &c. &c.

CHARITY SERMON REGISTER. No. 1, bound in Calf or Roan, £1; No. 2, in Morocco or Russia, £1 8s.; No. 3, in Morocco or Russia, Elegantly Gilt, &c., £2 2s.

PARISH REGISTER of Baptisms, Marriages and Funerals, so arranged that although entered in Chronological order, the Alphabetical reference is simultaneously secured.

THE PUPILS PROGRESS BOOK for the use of Tutors General and Private Instructors.

PORTABLE COPYING MACHINE. For copying a single Letter quite as well as the Iron Machine for Offices (which is calculated for copying 20 or 30 Letters at once.) Price 21s. each including Ink, Paper, and all other materials essential to its operation.

THE EMIGRANT'S MAP OF THE WORLD, AND GUIDE TO THE COLONIES. Price 2s, mounted on Cloth, in Case, with Pamphlet; 1s. 6d. in Paper Cover, 1s. in Sheet, without Pamphlet. Pamphlets 3d. separately. With Copious Practical Instructions.

MAP of all the KNOWN COAL FIELDS throughout the World. Price 2s, in Cloth Case, 1s. 6d. in Paper Case, and 1s. in Sheets.

GUIDES AND HAND BOOKS to every place of Fashionable Resort, either in Britain or on the Continent.

ATLASSES in Great Variety, from 4s. to 17 Guineas each.

CHARTS of various Seas, Bays, Rivers, &c., by the Admiralty and other Publishers.

GLOBES. All the most approved editions and sizes by Cary, Newton, Smith, Malby, &c. from 6s. to 20 Guineas the pair.

GRATIS.

A CATALOGUE

OR

Letts's Diaries,

ALMANACKS,

HOUSEKEEPERS,



And other Publications,

FOR THE NEW YEAR;

TOGETHER WITH

SKELETON ALMANACKS

FOR THE YEARS

1857 & 1858.

ERE A NEW YEAR COMMENCES,

Remember that it is of all others the *most* fitting occasion on which to mature and carry out those good intentions which often suggest themselves, although it may be until now in an ill-defined imperfect form.

Remember that "It is never too late to mend," and that

"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GAINED."

By no means perhaps more certainly or more easily than

LETTS'S DIARIES, HOUSEKEEPERS, &c.,

Which are now conspicuous in all the Booksellers' windows in Great Britain or her Colonies,

LETTS, SON and CO., STATIONERS AND MAP-SELLERS TO H.M. BOARD OF ORDNANCE,

8, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

* * Three Classes of Impressions of the Company's Publications will invariably be issued—CHOICE PROOFS—PROOFS—PRINTS.

LETTS, SON & CO., Printers and Stationers, 8, Royal Exchange.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART TREASURES.

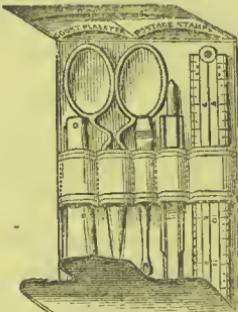
Fletch's Diaries.

Almanacks, and other Publications for 1857,
ETC., ETC.

LARGE PRINT SHEET ALMANACK, for Short Sights and
Large Rooms. Price, 6d.
THE CARD-ALMANACK, with space for Daily Memoranda.
In *Wrapper*, 6d.; in *Morocco Card Case*, 2s.; in *Russia*, 2s. 6d.
INDISPENSABLE ALMANACK, ruled for the reception of
Scientific Data, (as height of Barometer, &c.) 1s. 6d.
THREEPENNY ALMANACK, arranged with Writing Paper,
containing a weekly account of *Letters* & *Diaries* No. 17, 21, 23,
THE OFFICIAL CALENDAR, containing a separate leaf for every
Working day in the year. Price 2s. Figures 2in. long, & s. figs. 1in. long.
A CALENDAR FOR THE NEXT 43 YEARS. Price 6d.
THE CLERICAL & MERCANTILE TABLET DIARY. Each
leaf contains a week of 7 days. Price 1s. Fine Copies, 2s.
COLLECT MARKER, containing the Proper Lessons, Proper
Psalms, &c., for all Sundays and Holy days throughout the year.
Price 3d. each, or 3s. for 12, black letters. Double the price for
red letters, and 6s. for *Embossed* letters.
THE HOUSEKEEPER AND ENGAGEMENT BOOK, containing a
ruled space for every Day in the Year, appropriated to Money
paid to Butchers, Bakers, Brewers, and other Tradesmen usually
employed by Families, &c. &c. Price 2s. 6d. cloth.
HOUSEKEEPER ENLARGED, same as the foregoing, combined
with a Weekly Summary of Tradesmen's Accounts, by which to
ascertain the amounts annually paid to them. Price 3s. cloth.
THE WEEKLY HOUSEKEEPER, for Weekly Accounts only
provided for four years, with Pages for Annual Balances, a
Trade Repository, Tables to calculate Wages, and Weight
and Measures. Price 2s. 6d. cloth.
THE HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES BOOK, in which the Publishers
have endeavoured to simplify the numerous Works placed before
the Public under the title of "Housekeepers". Price 3s. 6d. cloth
or small quarto, 4s. 6d.
THE STABLE BOOK, Price 3s. Cloth. Shewing the number of
horses kept, and the yearly cost of corn, hay, wages, farrier, &c.
GAME DRAKE. Where and by whom killed, to whom given
Price 3s. cloth.
THE GENTLEMAN'S CELLAR BOOK, arranged upon an easy
principle, Price 2s. 6d. in cloth.
LIBRARY CATALOGUES. To arrange the Title, Author's
Editor's, or Translator's name, Publisher, size and number of

LETTS'S POCKET BOOK COMPANION,

Being a small Leather Case to
fit the pocket of ANY
POCKET Book, and containing
the Instruments commonly
required for daily use,
as PENKNIFE, SCISSORS,



NAIL-CUTTER, TWEezers,
COURT PLAISTER, POST
LABELS, ADDRESS CARDS, &c.
From
3s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.
COMPLETE.

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR ENGRAVING ANY DESCRIPTION
OF SUBJECT BY THE COMPANY'S PROCESS.

LETTS, SON & CO., Printers and Stationers, 8, Royal Exchange.

FORM OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any Separate Part may be Subscribed for, and the Order will meet with
attention.

GRATIS.

LETT'S SKELETON ALMANACK FOR 1858.
Shew by the day of the week on which any day of the year will
fall, may be seen at a glance.

hereby the day of the week on which any day of the year will fall, may be seen at a glance.

thereby the day of the week on which any day of the year will fall, may be seen at a glance.

GRATIS.

LETTS'S SKELETON ALMANACK FOR 1857.

Whereby the day of the week on which any day of the year will fall, may be seen at a glance.

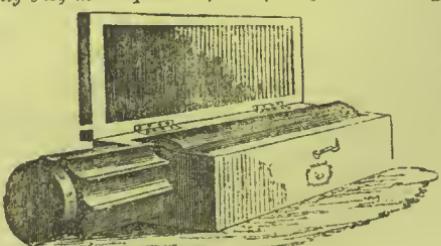
May 23, WHIT SUNDAY. November 28, 1 SUNDAY IN ADVENT

LETTS, SON & CO.,
MAP AGENTS TO H.M. BOARD OF ORDNANCE,
8, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

LETTSS'S PORTABLE LETTER COPYING MACHINE,

Is perfectly easy in its operation, and of long-established efficiency.

For Copying a single
letter quite as well as the
Iron Machines for
Offices, which possess
advantage over it
only by taking in more
letters at one
operation.



Progress is perfectly easy, and accomplished with as much promptitude as certainty, in no degree defacing the original

Price 21s. each.

Including Copying, Oil,
and Drying Papers,
with Ink, Brush, and all
other materials
necessary.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART TREASURES.

Letts's Diaries for 1857,

Embracing every variety of size, from a thick or thin Folio Volume, to a Quarto, Octavo, Duodecimo and every gradation between. Double and a tiny Slip for the Waistcoat Pocket; with space appropriated to each Day, from an entire page to one-half, a third, fourth, sixth or seventh part of a page, of various ordinary rulings for Memorandums or Cash Accounts, and at prices progressing from 6 PENCE each to 14 SHILLINGS.

DIMENSIONS, ARRANGEMENT, and PRICE, of the various Editions.

| SIZE of Paper | Office Editions, bound in Cloth. | | | | | | Pocket Editions, bound in Cloth. | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------|--------------|--------|-------------|-------------|----------------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| | Folio | Quarto. | Long Quarto. | Octavo | 12mo. | Long | 18mo. | Small | 24mo. | Small | 21mo. | 2½ |
| | 8 | 7½ | 4½ | 4 | 3½ | 2½ | 3½ | 18mo. | 3 | 2½ | 21mo. | 2½ |
| Breadth in in. | 12½ | 9½ | 15½ | 7½ | 6 | 7½ | 7 | 5 | 4½ | 4 | 5 | 3½ |
| Depth in in. | | | | | No. & Price | No. & Price | No. & Price | No. & Price | No. & Price | No. & Price | No. & Price | No. & Price |
| 1 Day in a Page | | | | | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. |
| 2 Do. or ½ wk. do | 51 | 14 | 1 | 10 | — | — | 8 6 | 6 | — | 14 M | — | 8 |
| Do. hruztly. div. | 52 | 12 | 2 | 7 | 6 | — | 9 5 | 6 | — | — | — | — |
| Do. Enl Edits. | .. | 2u | 7 | 6 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| 3 Do. ½ week do. | 53 | 8 | 3 | 6 | 6 | — | 11 4 | — | 13 | 2 6 | 15 | 2 6 |
| 3 Do. ½ week do. | 31 | 1 | 6 | 33 | 1 | 4 | — | 35 1 | — | — | — | — |
| 3 Do. in a Page | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 4 | 0 | 12 | 3 | — | 14 3 |
| 4 Do. or ½ wk. do. | .. | .. | 4 | 5 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| A wk. of 6 days do. | 55 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 4 | — | 7 4 | 6 | — | — | — | — |
| A wk. of 6 days do. | 32 | 1 | 2 | 34 | 1 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| B. or Dr. & Cr. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1s. 1 | — | 9d. 17 |
| 3 Days in a Page | .. | .. | 3B | 8 | — | 6B | 8 | — | 11B 6 | — | 13B 4 | — |
| 4 Do. do. | .. | .. | 4B | 7 | — | — | — | — | — | 15B 4 | — | — |
| 5 Do. do. | 55B | 8 | 5B | 6 | — | 7B | 6 | — | — | 13B 2 | 6 | 15B 2 |
| C, or Condensed | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13C 2 | 6 | 15C 2 |
| D, or Double | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13D 4 | — | 15D 4 |
| Mems. on left, cash right hand pages. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11D 6 | — | 13D 4 | — | 15D 4 | — | 1s. 6d. 1 | 17D 1 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | | |

Spring Lock Perpetual Covers, for the Office Editions, at from 5s. to 21s. each.
Expanding Pocket Book do. for the Pocket Editions, at from 6s. to 9s. 6d. each.

The two preceding are not mere imitations of Morocco and Russia, but are made from the genuine old-fashioned

Gum and Buffalo Hide that will bear from six to ten years' rough usage.

Roan Pocket Book Covers, at from 1s. to 4s. 6d. each.

The Editions most generally adopted by

SOLDIERS and the LEISURE PROFESSION, Nos. 1, 2, 8 and 9.
THE ARMY AND NAVY, Nos. 8, 9, and 10, with spring lock cases.
MERCHANTS, BANKERS, and GENTLEMEN in OFFICIAL CAPACITIES, Nos. 51, 52 and 53; 1, 2 and 3; 6 and 7; 8, 9, 10, 11, &c.
and the B. or Dr. and Cr. Diaries, as 3 B, 4 B, 5 B, 7 B, 11 B, &c.
TRADESMEN Nos. 4, 5, 11, 13, 15, &c., and the B. or Dr. & Cr. Diaries
MECHANICS, Nos. 17, 21, 23, and the C. MAP EDITIONS.
The POCKET EDITIONS and the ROUGH OR SCRIBBLING EDITIONS
being indiscriminately used by all.

ART WONDER OF THE AGE.

Drawings from Nature by Light, Engraved on Copper by Voltaic Electricity.

THE PATENT PHOTO-GALVANO-GRAPHIC PROCESS

Is capable of producing Printing Plates, giving every detail of Nature as found in the PHOTOGRAPH, or of rendering touch for touch the DRAWING or PAINTING of the Artist or Draughtsman.

The following Specimens of this most valuable Art are now ready:

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART TREASURES. In Parts, at 5s. Proofs, 7s. 6d. India do., 10s. 6d.

Part I. contains Four exquisite Engravings from Photographs by Fenton.

Part II.—Four various Subjects, by PRICE, HOWLETT, COLLS, and FENTON.

VARIOUS CHOICE SUBJECTS, at from 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. each.

Shortly will be published, Part II. of Photographic Art Treasures:

THE CATHEDRAL ANTIQUITIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

GREAT REMAINS OF OLD ABBEYS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR ENGRAVING ANY DESCRIPTION OF SUBJECT BY THE COMPANY'S PROCESS.

LETTS, SON & Co., Printers and Stationers, 8, Royal Exchange

FORM OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any Separate Part may be Subscribed for, and the Order will meet with attention.

To

Insert my Name as a Subscriber
to the Work now Publishing,

"Photographic Art Treasures,"

For the Class of Impression against which my
Autograph is affixed.

Choice Proofs,

| | |
|------|---------|
| Name | _____ |
| | Address |

(100 taken),
10s. 6d. each Part.

Proofs,

| | |
|------|---------|
| Name | _____ |
| | Address |

(India),
7s. 6d. the Part,
Four Plates in each,
with Wrapper.

Prints,

| | |
|------|---------|
| Name | _____ |
| | Address |

5s. the Part,
Four Plates in each,
with Wrapper.

Date of Order _____

N.B.—The above Order filled up, and forwarded by Post, will receive attention.

Three Classes of Impressions of the Company's Publications will invariably
be issued—CHOICE PROOFS—PROOFS—PRINTS.

LETTS, SON & Co., Printers and Stationers, 8, Royal Exchange.

Messrs. Letts, Son & Co.,

8, Royal Exchange,

London.

E. C.



— TRUSTEES — JOHN SHAW LEIGH, Esq. | JOHN NAYLOR, Esq.

— DIRECTORS, &c., IN LIVERPOOL —

CHARLES TURNER, Esq., CHAIRMAN.
JOHN BRAMLEY MOORE, Esq., M.P., AND RALPH BROCKLEBANK, Esq.,
DEPUTY CHAIRMEN.

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| T. D. ANDERSON, Esq. | GEORGE H. HORSFALL, Esq. |
| MICHAEL BELCHER, Esq. | RICHARD HOUGITON, Esq. |
| GEORGE BOOKER, Esq. | EDWARD JOHNSTON, Esq. |
| THOMAS BOUCH, Esq. | ROGER LYON JONES, Esq. |
| MICHAEL BOUSFIELD, Esq. | JAMES LAWRENCE, Esq. |
| DAVID CANNON, Esq. | ROBERT M'ANDREW, Esq. |
| THOMAS DOVER, Esq. | W. J. MARROW, Esq. |
| ROBERT ELLISON HARVEY, Esq. | FRANCIS MAXWELL, Esq. |
| JAMES HOLME, Esq. | WILLIAM SMITH, Esq. |
| THOMAS DYSON HORNBY, Esq. | JOHN TORR, Esq. |

— AUDITORS —

WILLIAM TITHERINGTON, Esq., AND JOHN DICKINSON, Esq.

Surgeon—HUGH NEILL, F.R.A.S.

| | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| Surveyor—SAMUEL HOLME, Esq. | Solicitor—SEPTIMUS BOOKER, Esq. |
| Manager and Actuary—PERCY M. DOVE, Esq. | |

LONDON ESTABLISHMENT

No. 29, LOMBARD STREET, CORNER OF CLEMENT'S LANE.

— DIRECTORS, &c., IN LONDON —

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| SAMUEL BAKER, Esq., CHAIRMAN. | |
| ROBERT B. BYASS, Esq. | EDWARD MACKMURDO, Esq. |
| RICHARD COOKE COLES, Esq. | DANIEL HENRY RUCKER, Esq. |
| HENRY KENDALL, Esq. | WILLIAM WAINWRIGHT, Esq. |
| THOMAS LANCASTER, Esq. | JOHN WESTMORLAND, Esq. |

Secretary to London Board—JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Esq.

Solicitors—Messrs. JENKINSON, SWEETING, and JENKINSON.

Surgeon—DR. SANDERSON, 26, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square.

Surveyor—JOHN BELCHER, Esq.

The Royal Insurance Company.

The City Article of the **LONDON TIMES**, of the 24th July last, states that the transactions of the Royal Insurance Company "appear to have been of a perfectly satisfactory character." It includes the following statements confirmatory of that opinion:—

PREMIUMS.

The Premiums of Nine Offices enumerated are stated to be ... £824,924
Of which the Royal alone amount to 371,957
being 82 per cent. of the accumulated Premiums of the remaining Eight Companies.

EXPENDITURE.

The expenditure of Insurance Companies is, at present, attracting the **aux:io** attention of the Public. The statement of "The Times," has elicited the following remarks from a contemporary:—"Here, again, the Royal Insurance Company occupies a position of honourable pre-eminence; for while its expenses of management, spread over a period of three years, *have been less than 20 per cent.*, those of five other offices, extending over an equal time—for we omit those which have been established within three years, or we might make a much stronger case—have varied from 22 to 74 per cent., and in one case have been as high as 111 per cent. on the receipts.

RESOURCES.

In like manner, the entire Funds in hand of thirteen offices is quoted, in "The Times," at £1,234,688, including the Royal, which alone is £372, 94, and which is, therefore, equal to 43 per cent. of *the accumulated funds of the remaining twelve offices*; or, to make the **VAST RESOURCES** of the Company still more manifest, it may be stated that, putting aside the three largest offices named, (the funds of the greatest of which barely exceed *one half* of those of the "Royal") *the united funds of the remaining ten offices do not equal the funds of this Company.*

The favourable position in which this Company is placed in "The Times'" article, would have been even more prominently shown if the experience of other years than those taken had been selected.

As an instance, the following is the result taken from the accounts of the Company for the year 1855:—

| | |
|---|---------------|
| Fire Premiums and other Receipts, not including Life | £149,812 13 7 |
| Losses, Expenses, and Dividend..... | 131,684 13 8 |
| Balance as a Reserve from one year's transactions alone..... | 18,127 19 11 |
| Funds in hand, without including ample Reserve for Life Liabilities .. Upwards of | 400,000 0 0 |

LIFE.

LARGE BONUS DECLARED 1855,
Amounting to £2 per cent. per Annum on the sum assured, being,
on ages from Twenty to Forty, 80 per cent. on the premium.
PERIODS OF DIVISION—EVERY FIVE YEARS.

The accumulated Expenditure of 54 *Life Offices* enumerated by *The Times* of 12th August last, compared with their amount of Premium and Interest, is stated to be 61 per cent. The Expenditure of the Royal Insurance Company is only 13 per cent.

Jersey M. Slave,

ACTUARY AND MANAGER.

NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS

PUBLISHED BY

VIRTUE, HALL, AND VIRTUE,
25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Pictures in the Private Collection of Her Majesty.

Now Ready, Vols. I. and II., New Series, price £1 11s. 6d. cloth gilt,

THE ART-JOURNAL:

A MONTHLY RECORD (Price 2s. 6d.)

OF THE FINE ARTS, THE ARTS INDUSTRIAL, AND THE ARTS OF DESIGN AND
MANUFACTURE.

The following are a few of the leading features which will distinguish

THE ISSUE FOR 1857.

THE FINE ART EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER.—This assemblage of the picture-wealth of Great Britain will be fully represented in the pages of the ART-JOURNAL.

AN ILLUSTRATED TOUR OF THE THAMES, from its Rise to its Outlet, depicting every object on the banks of this "King of Island Rivers." The Illustrations will be numerous, and by the best artists. The Tour will be continued throughout the year.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE: A TEACHER FROM ANCIENT ART, will be the subject of Papers by the Rev. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A., whose pursuits have specially qualified him to direct the student to the value of examples in a school at all times accessible.

BOTANY—AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURES, will be the title of a continuous Article by CHRISTOPHER DRESSER, Esq., Lecturer on Botany. The Illustrations to this subject will be numerous.

ART-MANUFACTURE—AS ASSISTED BY IMPROVED MACHINERY, will be treated of by PROFESSOR HUNT, of the Museum of Economic Geology. Descriptions and Engravings of the Progress of Art-Manufacture will also be continued, selecting such productions as are alike honourable to the producer and instructive to the public.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.—These Articles, which have for some time constituted a feature in the ART-JOURNAL, will be continued monthly, with engraved Illustrations.

PICTURES IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.—The following will probably appear during the year:—

| | | | |
|---|--------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| K. GEORGE IV. ENTERING HOLYROOD PALACE... | Wilkie | MARMOZETTES..... | Sir E. Landseer |
| SPANISH LETTER-WRITER..... | Philip | HENRIETTA MARIA..... | Vandyke |
| BEAUTY OF ALBANO..... | Reidel | ST. AGNES..... | Domenichino |
| FARM AT LACKEN..... | Rubens | GOOD SAMARITAN..... | Sir C. Eastlake |
| SERAGLIO..... | Danby | PRINCESS OF BELGIUM..... | Winterhalter. |

The Examples of British and Foreign Sculpture will be continued from time to time.

THE TURNER BEQUEST.—Arrangements are in progress for engraving in line, and publishing, the whole of the pictures bequeathed to the nation by the late J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

* * * The volumes of the ART-JOURNAL, from 1849 to 1854 inclusive, contain a complete series of Engravings from the VERNON GALLERY, and form a continuous record of the progress of Art. The copies remaining may be had together or separately, price £1 11s. 6d. each vol., cloth gilt.

NEW EDITION, REVISED BY THE AUTHOR,
AND
EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

Complete in One Volume, royal quarto, price 28s. cloth gilt,

A GUIDE TO FAMILY DEVOTION.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER FLETCHER, D.D.

Of Finsbury Chapel, London.

CONTAINING 730 HYMNS, 730 PRAYERS, AND 730 PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE,
WITH APPROPRIATE REFLECTIONS:

Also an Appendix, comprising a great variety of Hymns and Prayers to suit particular Days, Seasons, and Events of Providence.

TWENTY years of uninterrupted popularity, the issue of more than Fifty Thousand copies, and a still increasing demand, are sufficient evidences of the sterling merit of any Work, and form a testimonial of its value which seldom falls to the lot of a living author to receive. Such, however, is now the position of Dr. ALEXANDER FLETCHER'S GUIDE TO FAMILY DEVOTION. These flattering results are rendered still more gratifying when the approval of numerous Ministers of the Gospel, of every denomination of Protestantism, can be adduced in proof of the truly devotional spirit of the whole, and its total freedom from Sectarianism; and, further, when it can be shown that its circulation in the United States and in the British Colonies has been fully equal to that which it has secured at home. Encouraged by these evidences of the high esteem in which the GUIDE TO FAMILY DEVOTION is held by a large body of the Christian public, and anxious to extend that sphere of usefulness which the Author and Publishers trust that it is calculated to effect, they have determined to unite their efforts in the production of an entirely New Edition. Anything in the nature of a recommendatory Prospectus would be needless in the case of a work so well known and highly appreciated; but it may be as well to call attention to the improvements combined in the present edition.

1. A Series of Original Reflections upon every chapter, from Dr. FLETCHER's own pen; those in the former Edition were mostly from the Bible of the Rev. JOHN BROWN.
2. A Complete Revisal of the Whole Work by the Author, including many valuable emendations, and embodying the suggestions of numerous Christian friends.
3. A Larger Type, especially adapting the Work for the eyesight of those in advanced life.
4. A Series of New Engravings on Steel, executed in a superior style, and illustrative of some of the most important events in the portions of Scripture.
5. A larger page, a superior character of typography, and paper of a better quality.

* * * These advantages will be offered to the public with a very slight increase of price.

"Our attention has lately been called to an advertisement of a book of 'Family Devotion, containing the Morning and Evening Service of a Family for every Day throughout the Year.' According to the Advertisement, this new Order of Morning and Evening Prayer daily throughout the year is already in its thirtieth edition of 1000 each. Thirty Thousand

copies of a book of Common Prayer for Dissenters, recommended by twenty-five ministers, whose names are given, and who include some of the most prominent of the day, cannot be dispersed throughout England without working some considerable change in the minds of probably 200,000 persons."—*Times.*

| The following are selected from the extensive List of Ministers who recommend the Work: | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Rev. H. STEBBING, D.D., F.R.S., Hampstead-road | Rev. W. B. COLLYER, D.D., Peckham | Rev. W. JAY, Bath |
| J. HARRIS, D.D., St. John's Wood | G. COLLISON, D.D., Hackney | P. A. COX, D.D., Hackney |
| J. SHEBMAN, Surrey Chapel | T. RAFFLES, D.D., LL.D., Liverpool | J. CLAYTON, Poultry |
| J. A. JAMES, Birmingham | T. BINNEY, Weigh-house | JOHN ELY, Leeds |
| J. PYE SMYTH, Homerton | JAMES PARSONS, York | J. DAVIS, Bristol |
| | | J. YOUNG, Albion Chapel |
| | | G. LAWSON, Selkirk. |

VIRTUE, HALL, & VIRTUE, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Complete in Four Volumes, royal quarto, price £4 14s. 6d. cloth, with

226 ENGRAVINGS AND 164 WOODCUTS AND DIAGRAMS,

TREDGOLD

ON

THE STEAM ENGINE;

Its Progressive and Present State of Improvement.

EMBRACING EXAMPLES OF

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES FOR RAILWAYS, PRACTICALLY DRAWN AND EXPLAINED.

MARINE ENGINES FOR SEA, RIVER, AND CANAL SERVICE.

STATIONARY ENGINES EMPLOYED IN MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

ENGINES EMPLOYED IN MINES FOR RAISING WATER, OR SUPPLYING TOWNS.

THE CORNISH PUMPING ENGINE, AND ITS SEVERAL EFFECTIVE DUTIES.

ENGINES FOR MILL-WORK—FLOUR-MILLS, &c.

HIGH-PRESSURE AND NON-CONDENSING ENGINES, FOREIGN AND ENGLISH.

THIS new and much extended edition embraces all the recent improvements in the construction and practical operations of the Steam Engine; and for the purpose of rendering it more intelligible for study, and more practically useful, the algebraic and mathematical calculations have been reduced to simple arithmetic, by which means it will become accessible to all grades of persons, who will thus be enabled to possess a Work which theoretically and practically elucidates the distinguishing peculiarities of the several kinds of Steam Engines—their advantages and defects. These are primary considerations in the selection of Engines for particular objects, and the results of such comparisons must be deemed important, the main object being to condense all that is truly valuable for reference and for study.

The superior Engravings by which this edition is illustrated are eminently calculated to create and mature the abilities of a numerous and ingenious class, by whom they have hitherto been unattainable: and as it is now the object to place them within the reach of all persons to whom they may be more especially useful, it is hoped that the Working Engineers of Great Britain and Ireland will readily avail themselves of the opportunity, and thus assist the Publisher in the circulation of a Work by which their minds may be advantageously occupied, and which will promote the advancement of Mechanical Engineering by means creditable to themselves and to their country.

Several Scientific Men, extensively and practically employed, have contributed Original and really Practical Papers of the utmost utility; and much has thus been accomplished to increase the value of this extended edition. Mr. James Hann, the editor, has arranged and systematised the whole: in addition to this a copious INDEX for reference is supplied.

Original Papers by the following Gentlemen are included in the present Edition:—

JAMES HANN, Esq.
JOHN SEWELL, Esq.
ROBERT ARMSTRONG, Esq.
JAMES SAMUEL, Esq.
EDWARD WOODS, Esq.
W. P. MARSHALL, Esq.
H. B. BARLOW, Esq.
— TAYLEUR, Esq.
MESSRS. BURY, CURTIS, & KENNEDY.

MESSRS. R. & W. HAWTHORN.
— CRAMPTON, Esq.
JOHN DINNER, Esq.
GEORGE RENNIE, Esq., F.R.S.
R. RODMER, Esq., C.E.
JAMES B. FRANCIS, Esq.
W. S. B. WOOLHOUSE, Esq., M.R.A.S.
CAPTAIN QUESADA, Royal Spanish Navy.
— EWIBANK, Esq., New York.

VIRTUE, HALL, AND VIRTUE, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Now publishing in Parts, at One Shilling, and in Divisions, price Six Shillings, cloth gilt; to be completed in Two Volumes, handsomely printed on super-royal octavo,

THE PICTORIAL

HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

EDITED BY

THE REV. JAMES TAYLOR, D.D., GLASGOW.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL,

FROM DRAWINGS BY W. H. BARTLETT, AND OTHER ARTISTS.

THE Publishers have resolved that this work shall be a history of the people as well as of the kingdom of Scotland, in which due prominence will be given, not only to civil and military events, but to the constitution and laws, national industry, the condition of the people, their religious opinions, manners, and customs. No labour or pains will be spared to render the PICTORIAL HISTORY OF SCOTLAND worthy of public support. It will be copiously illustrated with appropriate Engravings on Steel of scenes rendered famous by historical events, portraits of remarkable men, facsimiles of seals, coats-of-arms, articles of dress and furniture, industrial employments, sports, &c., copied from illuminated manuscripts of the period to which they belong.

The various departments of the Work have been prepared by eminent authors, who have made these the subject of their special study, viz:—

PROFESSOR LINDSAY, D.D., GLASGOW.

PROFESSOR FLEMING, D.D., EDINBURGH.

REV. JOHN ANDERSON, D.D., NEWBURGH.

GEORGE McDONALD, Esq., F.E.I.

PROFESSOR EADIE, D.D., LL.D., GLASGOW.

&c. &c.

The Steel Engravings comprise, in addition to authentic Portraits of eminent Scotchmen, a series of accurate and highly-finished Views of those localities which are identified with the most important events in the annals of the country.

"Those of our readers who are not securing this work are making a mistake."—*Glasgow Examiner*.

"We know of no recent publication which is likely to be one-half so popular, nor, if it continue to be conducted with the same attention to correctness and fulness of details, so deservedly so."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"The illustrations belong to a high order of art, and the narrative is a most readable and industrious compilation."—*North of Scotland Gazette*.

"With the exception of Tytler's superb history, we have no hesitation in saying, that this will take place,

before all others, in those essential points which make a history valuable."—*Dundee Courier*.

"It is written in an attractive and connected style, which disengages itself from all extraneous matters which might impede the smooth current of the story."—*Kelso Mail*.

"The style of composition is dignified, yet popular; and there is a freshness about the subject-matter which shows that the authors are bent on employing the new materials for this national work which have been so abundantly placed at their disposal."—*Dumfries and Galloway Standard*.

In One Volume, super-royal octavo, price 18s. cloth gilt,

THE

COMPLETE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE PEOPLE'S EDITION.

WITH NOTES, AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Together with a Copious Glossary. Illustrated by Thirty-three splendid Engravings, and a Portrait of the Author; (or with Sixty-one Engravings, price 23s. cloth gilt.)

VIRTUE, HALL, AND VIRTUE, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

In Two super-royal 8vo. Volumes, price £2 5s. cloth gilt,
WITH 40 ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, AND 2477 WOODCUTS,

TOMLINSON'S
CYCLOPÆDIA OF USEFUL ARTS,
Mechanical and Chemical,
MANUFACTURES, MINING, AND ENGINEERING.

THIS WORK includes detailed accounts of the principal Manufacturing Processes, Mechanical Inventions, and Chemical Operations in actual use, either in Great Britain, the Continent of Europe, or the United States. The descriptive portion is illustrated and explained by upwards of 2500 Diagrams and Engravings made expressly for the work, mostly copied from the actual working Machinery, by the permission of the Patentees and Owners. In these Volumes the utmost care has been taken so to simplify and methodically arrange the various subjects treated upon, that every step of the most complicated Manufacture may be clearly traced, from the first collection of the raw material, to the completion of the finished product. In reference to the construction of Machinery, each distinctive stage of improvement has been pointed out and explained, and the various Failures and Misconceptions of Scientific Men exhibited, to serve as beacons for the guidance of future Inventors. In the Mining and Chemical Departments, Historical and Geological Notices have been introduced whenever the importance of the subject may require them; while nothing has been omitted that can render the CYCLOPÆDIA OF ART a valuable Book of Reference, and an indispensable Companion to the Manufacturer, the Miner, the Chemist, the Engineer, and the scientific Workman.

"At a time like the present, when the numerous discoveries of the nineteenth century are being perfected, and made subservient to the requirements of science, in chemistry, mechanics, commerce, agriculture, and domestic application, there is not a work tending more to the spread of general information than a well-got-up Cyclopaedia. We have before us a publication, edited by Mr. Charles Tomlinson, and published by Mr. George Virtue, London and New York. . . . The paper and type are of unexceptionable quality, and the work bids fair to be one of unusual interest, and highly deserving of public patronage."—*Mining Journal*.

"We have had repeated occasions to speak favourably of this book. It still sustains its character, and is evidently an honest as well as an able book."—*The Builder*.

"The information is communicated in the clearest language, and, in every instance we have examined, is brought down to the present time; so that we have a just

representation, not of the state of any art some years ago, but of its condition in the present year."—*Artizan*.

"As a specimen of beautiful typography, and for the profusion of its wood engravings, executed in a high style of art, this work has a strong recommendation beyond its mere literary merit. At the same time that the general reader will derive instruction and pleasure from the perusal, it must not be supposed that the articles are of so elementary a character that they may be passed over by such as have made mechanics their study; on the contrary, they are written with a full knowledge of the subject in its present state, and they exhibit clearly what has as yet been done, and what still remains to do."—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

"One important feature distinguishing this from the bulk of the works which the Exhibition has called forth is, that it is not only a record of art up to its present position, but an exposition of science, on which art rests."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

Complete in One Volume, post 8vo., price 10s. 6d. cloth,

ILLUSTRATED BY FIVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS,

A

DICTIONARY OF TERMS IN ART.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "COSTUME IN ENGLAND," ETC.;

Honorary Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, Poitiers, and Picardy; and Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

VIRTUE, HALL, AND VIRTUE, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

NEW WORK BY THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E.

Just published, price 6s., foolscap, cloth,

THE LAST OF THE PATRIARCHS;

OR,
LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF JOSEPH.

BY THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E.

AUTHOR OF "APOCALYPTIC SKETCHES," "SABBATH EVENING READINGS," &c.

"This work is replete with consolatory and practical lessons, and well worth perusal; especially will it prove instructive to the young."—*St. James's Chronicle*.

"Tells us in grand and simple language how we, in our daily life, may learn of the model whom he sets before us. It is one of the ablest productions of his pen."—*Church and State Gazette*.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION AT CHRISTMAS,

CONSOLATIONS;

OR,

LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E.

CHAP.

- I. THE CAREFUL SCRUTINY.
- II. PERFECT PEACE.
- III. THE WAY OF PEACE.
- IV. THE SURE REFUGE.
- V. STRONG CONSOLATION.
- VI. NEITHER FORGOTTEN NOR FORSAKEN.
- VII. CHRIST APPEARING FOR US.
- VIII. LIFE'S BRIEF DAY.
- IX. THE TROUBLED HEART.

CHAP.

- X. PATERNAL PRESENCE.
- XI. THE OPENING OF A YEAR.
- XII. THE COVENANT ORDERED AND SURE.
- XIII. A PEOPLE AND THEIR GOD.
- XIV. THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE.
- XV. THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.
- XVI. THE ATONING BLOOD.
- XVII. MY LIVING REDEEMER.
- XVIII. NUNC DIMITTIS.

DR. CUMMING ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Now complete in Four Volumes, foolscap cloth, price 20s.,

SABBATH EVENING READINGS

ON THE FOUR GOSPELS.

BY THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E.
WITH FRONTISPICE.

THE SEPARATE VOLUMES ARE—

ST. MATTHEW, 5s. ST. MARK, 3s. ST. LUKE, 6s. ST. JOHN, 6s.
THE ACTS, 7s. THE ROMANS (publishing in numbers).

Third Edition. In foolscap cloth, price 5s.,

THE DAILY LIFE;

OR,

PRECEPTS AND PRESCRIPTIONS FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING.

BY THE REV. JOHN CUMMING D.D., F.R.S.E.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & CO., 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE WILKIE GALLERY.

66 Engravings from the Works of Sir D. Wilkie, a portrait, price £3 10s. cloth.

CASTLES AND ABBEYS OF ENGLAND.

By W. BEATTIE, M.D., with illustrations on Steel and Wood, 2 vols., price £1 5s. each.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

With 1400 Engravings on Wood, and 2 Steel Plates, price £1 5s. cloth.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

A Series of upwards of 300 Wood Engravings, price 10s. cloth.

THE BOSPHORUS AND THE DANUBE.

By MISS PARDOE and Dr. BEATTIE. 170 Engravings, 2 vols., price £1 5s. each, cloth.

IRELAND.

By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. HALL, with 48 Steel Engravings, 18 Maps, and 500 Wood-cuts, 3 vols.,
price £3 3s. cloth.

HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP, AND ALL THAT CAME OF IT.

By FRANK E. SMEDLEY, Author of "Frank Fairlegh," &c. With 30 Illustrations by "PILIZ,"
price 16s. cloth.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS (PICTORIAL EDITION).

9 Steel Plates, and nearly 100 Wood-cuts, price 18s. cloth.

THE BOOK OF BRITISH SONG.

120 Popular Songs, with Illustrations, 2 vols., price 21s. each.

VIRTUE, HALL, AND VIRTUE, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Now publishing, to be completed in Forty Parts at 1s., or in Eight Divisions at 6s., cloth gilt,

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR AGAINST RUSSIA. BY E. H. NOLAN, PH.D., LL.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

THE importance of the late war is such as to render a faithful history of its events a necessary volume in the library of every man who desires to be familiar with the current topics of conversation. The object of the author has been to supply this want, by a truthful record of all that can interest the general reader, written in a spirit of impartiality, and embracing every event of importance from the commencement of hostilities to the treaty of peace at Paris. In this task he has been kindly assisted by the written and verbal communications of several distinguished officers who took active parts in the struggle.

The Illustrations, which are a special feature, have been engraved on Steel, and comprise—

- I. PORTRAITS OF THE LEADING MEN.
- II. EVENTS OF THE WAR.
- III. MAPS, PLANS, BATTLE-FIELDS, &c.

PORTRAITS.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
NAPOLEON III.
SULTAN ABDUL-MEDSCHID.
VICTOR EMANUEL.
NICHOLAS I.
LORD RAGLAN.

GENERAL CANROBERT.
MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD.
OMAR PASHA.
EARL OF CARDIGAN.
SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.
SIR EDMUND LYONS.

SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.
SIR RICHARD ENGLAND.
SIR DE LACY EVANS.
SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.
GENERAL BEATSON.
ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

CAVALRY CHARGE OF BALAKLAVA.
NIGHT ATTACK ON THE TRENCHES.
BATTLE OF ALMA.
BATTLE OF INKERMAN.
ZOUAVES SCALING THE HEIGHTS.

MASSACRE OF HANGO.
VULTURE LANDING DESPATCHES.
BOMBARDMENT OF SWEABORG.
TAKING SOUNDINGS AT CRONSTADT.
MISS NIGHTINGALE AT SCUTARI.

SCENES OF EVENTS.

SEBASTOPOL.
CRONSTADT.

VARNA.
HELSINGFORS.

DARDANELLES.
KIEL.

GALLIPOLI.
ODESSA.

MAPS, PLANS, &c.

MAP OF THE CRIMEA.
" " BALTIC.
" " RUSSIA.

MAP OF THE DANUBE.
" " BLACK SEA.
PLAN OF SIEGE WORKS, SEBASTOPOL.
PLAN OF DOCK YARDS, SEBASTOPOL.

The following extract from **THE TIMES** of Jan. 14, 1856, will sufficiently mark the value of the Work in the eyes of those who are the best qualified to judge of its merits:—

"A handsomely illustrated volume has been published by VIRTUE & CO., which forms part of a work intended to furnish an elaborate and comprehensive history of the origin and progress of the present war against Russia. Although the chief incidents of the war have been traced by able hands as they occurred, yet, judging from the care bestowed by the writer of the present volume, Dr. NOLAN, his work, when completed, seems likely to comprise facts and elucidations throwing further light upon all the varied and exciting occurrences of this memorable struggle. Indeed, even in the present volume, much is stated which will be new even to those tolerably conversant with the numerous and striking events of the campaign. The portraits include those of the Duke of Cambridge, the late Lord Raglan, Omar Pasha, General Canrobert, and Admiral Napier. All are excellent likenesses, if we may judge of those who are not so generally known by those known to almost everybody. The illustrations are those of Sebastopol, the Charge of the Heavy Cavalry at Balaklava, Miss Nightingale and the Nurses in the East, the last moments of the Emperor Nicholas, the Night Attack in the Trenches, Sebastopol, and the Charge of the Guards at the Battle of Inkerman, all of which are executed in a style worthy of the work."

Each 6s. Division contains 200 super royal octavo pages, and 10 Steel Plates.

VIRTUE, HALL, AND VIRTUE, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

BABIES' BERCEAU-NETTES, TWO-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS.

BABIES'
HOODS,
HALF-A-GUINEA.



BABIES'
CASHMERE
CLOAKS,
ONE GUINEA.

BABIES' BASKETS, ONE GUINEA.

Valenciennes and Embroidered Frocks and Robes for Christening Presents; the same less expensive, for the Nursery. Baby-Linen, in complete sets, of varied qualities.

ALL THE BEAUTIFUL MATERIALS USED IN THE BUSINESS,
SOLD BY THE YARD.

MARRIAGE OUTFITS COMPLETE.

Everything necessary for the "Trousseau," as well as the inexpensive things required for the "Indian Voyage."

White Dressing Gowns, One Guinea; Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.; Ladies' Patent Corsets, 16s. 6d.; Real Balbriggan Hosiery.

This part of the Business under the management of
Mrs. TAYLOR.

LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS,

CHAMOIS LEATHER, WITH BLACK FEET.

RIDING TALMAS, 1½ GUINEA.

Young Gentlemen's Superfine Cloth Jackets, 35s.; School ditto, 25s.; Young Gentlemen's Shirts, 5s. 6d. Naval Cadets' Outfits complete.

RIDING HABITS, 5½ to 8 GUINEAS.

BLACK MERINO HABITS, FOR LITTLE GIRLS, 2½ GUINEAS.

Everything of the superior excellence for which the House has been celebrated for Thirty Years.

53, BAKER STREET,
NEAR MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

W. G. TAYLOR, late HALLIDAY.

(sc)
PR4562
A1
1855
c.2
no.14

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S

GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE,
39, OXFORD STREET,

(CORNER OF NEWMAN STREET)

Nos. 1, 1a, 2, & 3, NEWMAN STREET; and 4, 5, & 6, PERRY'S PLACE,
LONDON.

LAMPES À MODERATEUR.

From Six Shillings to Seven Guineas.

WILLIAM S. BURTON

Has collected from the different makers here and in France a variety that defies competition. As many imported from France are inferior in the works, WILLIAM S. BURTON selects at Paris from the best makers only, and he can guarantee each lamp he sells as perfect in all its parts.

His stock comprises also an extensive assortment of

SOLAR, CAMPHINE, PALMER'S, AND ALL OTHER LAMPS.

PURE COLZA OIL, 5s. A GALLON. PATENT CAMPHINE, 4s. A GALLON.

PALMER'S CANDLES, 9d. per lb.

HOT AIR, GAS, VESTA, JOYCE'S STOVES.

Stoves for the economical and safe heating of

Halls, Shops, Warehouses, Passages, Basements,

and the like, being at this season demanded,

WILLIAM S. BURTON

Invites attention to his unrivalled assortment, adapted, one or the other, to every conceivable requirement, at prices from 10s. each to 30 guineas. His variety of Stovester and other Stoves, Fenders, and Kitchen Ranges, is the largest in existence.

DISH COVERS AND HOT WATER DISHES

In every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most recherché patterns.

The Dish Covers, 6s. 6d. the set of six; Block Tin, 12s. 3d. to 28s. 9d. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 34s. to 58s. 6d. the set; Britannia Metal, with or without Silver Plated Handles, 70s. 6d. to 110s. od. the set; Sheffield Plated, £10 to £16 10s. the set.

BLOCK TIN HOT WATER DISHES, WITH WELLS FOR GRAVY, 12s. to 30s.

Britannia Metal, 22s. to 77s.; Electro-plated on Nickel, full size, £11 11s.

The late additions to these Extensive Premises (already by far the largest in Europe) are of such a character that the

ENTIRE OF EIGHT HOUSES

Is devoted to the display of the most Magnificent

STOCK OF GENERAL HOUSE IRONMONGERY,

(Including Cutlery, Nickel Silver, Plated Goods, Baths, Brushes, Turnery, Lamps, Gasoliers, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bed Hangings), so arranged in Sixteen Large Show Rooms, as to afford to parties furnishing facilities in the selection of goods that cannot be hoped for elsewhere.

Illustrated Catalogues sent (per post) free.